TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 4, No. 5 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, DECEMBER 27, 1890. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. (Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 161

Around Town.

I come in a little after the feast, but I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year. One becomes less ready in offering this conventional wish, it grows to mean so little amongst us, but I hope that the personal intimacy which has been established between "Don" and the readers of this page will warrant the belief that I wish you well. About all the creed I have is: make as many people happy and as few miserable as possible. Occasionally an unpleasant thing has to be said, but I hope that you don't imagine that an excuse is sought for the saying of anything which would wound. Life is very short, it is only a day at longest and but half a day as a rule. We do not understand at sunrise, are thinking of something else at noon, and the sun begins to set before our little picnic has become enjoyable. We can hardly afford to be disagreeable. God bless us, none of us are so bad that we do not deserve a pleasant word, none of us so good that we can always be criticizing others. The past year may not have been the happiest one we have had, but it was not bad. We would sooner take another year just like it than quit. This is the best world we know of, a better one is promised, but the majority are too matter-of-fact to be willing to barter what we have for something on the other side of the Great, Cold, Dark stream. This being the case we should try to be happy, to make other people happy, to be as good as we can, to help in all our little ways to make other people as good as they may be made. In taking our little part in assisting in goodness and happiness, it is not necessary for any of us to be obtrusive and make bores of ourselves. It is just the little every-day act, the tone of voice, the gentle thought and the gentle act that follows it, the willingness to move up in the seat and make room for somebody else, the general conduct which suggests that you would be better to your fellow-man if you knew how, or at least if circumstances would permit, the willingness for somebody else to be alive besides yourself. It has not been a bad year after all, no matter what we may have lost or suffered. We can all thank God for being alive. I wish you the compliments of the season over and over again and hope nobody will read this who has not or will not stretch out a hand to make more cheerful and plenteous these anniversaries to the poor and the unfortunate, those who really feel like asking to be excused because they are living. If you want to be real happy give something to somebody and the less able they are to return the compliment the more pleasing the gift will be to yourself, the more genuine pleasure it will give to you. The clock is about to strike the hour; we have already heard the little note which gives warning. Pretty soon the day will be done. Let not unilluminated night settle over us. Feed the furnace which keeps the heart warm, keep a light in the apartments in which our mind dwells. Let the music of kindness re-echo through every chamber, and amidst the gladness and forgiveness in the last hour of the year there will come to us something that will make us look hopefully forward to the new experience which is to follow the chiming of the midnight of 1890 and the incoming of 1891.

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Talking about the giving and receiving of presents, I fear that the theory is poorly understood and that habit more than kindness is in control of the gift business. I speak of it as a business, because business people in the most calculating way present calendars or pictures or a pound of tea or some other trifle to their customers and acquaintances, send little souvenirs which they hope will materialize in a profitable form during the months to follow. Parents having educated their children to expect good things Christmas, go out and buy and buy, calculating all the time what they can afford and how much the children will expect. The lover wonders how much his sweetheart will expect from him and she is in a state of disturbance as to what to procure for him, until giving—the making of presents—becomes a sort of ever-increasing burden. Of course habit has much to do with all these things, the habit of being polite, of saying and doing things we ought to say and do to people who have a right to expect attention from us. It is a habit, yet the heart should have something to do with it, otherwise the habit which can be acquired by any studious person makes the season and the observance of it an empty form. Giving is a first class way of changing friends into sycophants, of spoiling those who, when they expected nothing were kindly—when they become expectant are cormorants, wolves. If there was a man I desired to cultivate I would try to induce him to give me something. He would always like me after that and think he had a sort of a share in me. If I wanted to spoil him I would give him something, then with each recurrent season I would be quite sure he would be calculating the value of what he was to receive from me. The friend who gives you something is much nearer to you, much more genuine, than the one that you feel you must give something to. We cannot buy a friendship in this world, and surely we won't have to in the next. The people who like us will like us whether we give them anything or not, the people who dislike us are not apt to be changed except by a present which must mean a purchase. If we make the purchase we cannot hope that it will last for all time. One year from the date of the previous presentation we must put in an appearance again just as handsomely, a little better than before. It is not worth while. We can do better without it. If we have such a poverty of character that nobody loves us, then seek such happiness as can be had by those who are unloved; it is somewhat scarce, the position is not a pretty one, but if that is the kind of material we are made out of that is all we can have. We cannot buy it.

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In giving there are a thousand ways of doing it wrongly. How I do despise the man or woman who gives and insists on sitting and talking it over for an hour afterwards! How I hate the conversation which incidentally introduces the price and the mental tortures which preceded the selection of the article which is being presented! I have had things given to me which never had form or feature, which represented nothing but the price ticket, and the poor measly way in which the fact was impressed upon me. Then there are others who give whose memories are of the most astounding variety. Months and years after wards they become reminiscent on the subject of that gift, and I would cheerfully pay them the amount with interest to have the matter dropped. Indeed, I was not long engaged in what may be called public life before I finally and unalterably refused to accept anything except from my very nearest and dearest friends. I did not desire my days and nights to be filled with anticipations of interviews in which a trifling gift was to be the text and a considerable sacrifice the result. Life is too short for the making of these long trades.

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Then there is the ostentatious giver who confines his or her display to the occasion, yet makes it so obvious that the preamble resolutions and speech overpower the testimonial. The majority of these people give up what they are going to part with as if it were their life blood. They must make a harangue over it, they must "dwell" as the auctioneer says. Then there is the calculating giver—of course I am speaking now of the more grotesque features of the gift business and describing only those abominably vulgar people who make nuisances of themselves—who in every tone and action impress you with the fact that something in return is expected, and that confoundedly soon too. That sort of giving is bait. If good manners permit, the wise man will decline to accept and under all circumstances he will refuse to reciprocate.

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Outside of this there is the general calculation of everybody who is accustomed to giving and receiving at this season of the year. It may be insensible and it may be unconscious, but there are the things that we must buy. There is a sort of a general belief that there are certain things we are going to get. All this is an entire violation of the spirit of trying to give pleasure, of indicating to those we love that we remember them, and that is the chief idea. Sometimes we get little pictures frightfully painted, and yet if we love the hand that put on the color it is a souvenir. We may get the upper parts of slippers which will cost as much more to have made as the price of a much better pair, yet there is the toil and the loving thought, and they should be appreciated. I am of the opinion that a holiday gift, to be really pleasurable, should show the sacrifice of the giver, that every time we see it there shall be an unconscious recollection of the heart that loved us and the mind that thought of us. I pray for the time when the expensive things which are bought will cease to be interchanged at Christmas time. I can recollect a pair of old red slippers that as years added themselves to years and my hair began to grow gray, were a continual reminiscence of the poor tired hands that made them, of how much in that life the wool and the beads, the labor and the sacrifice meant. I will admit that they were ugly enough to stop a clock, but they were not ugly to me. That dreadful red and the glittering beads were a blush and a tear. They represented the life and the thought of the poor little woman who made them. When they were ragged and old, when their color had ceased to be so obvious, the pleasure of wearing them and of seeing them was increased. The great sphere on which we live flew around and around and around, and yet the love represented by those slippers grew and grew until the thin hair combed down on the old face and the bony hard hands softened as the tone of the dreadful red softened, and every time when a thought was absent and I looked down through the sedative smoke at those old slippers there came a loving remembrance of the giver. This never comes with a book or anything that has been bought. We should give only when we can afford to, when we desire to—we should only give to those we love. Any other gift is a bribe, a poor worthless thing unworthy of either giving or taking. It should have in it something that commemorates an affection and the memory of the sacrifice, the thought of the thought is the beauty o't.

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Then there is something about receiving which should be said. How hard it is after we have treasured our little means in the bank of our affections to give and have it unappreciated! How ill-mannered, how underbred, how stolid are those who take these things as their natural right, as a tribute to their niceness or their genius or whatever they pride themselves upon! There is nothing comparable, except the actual affection for some one else, to the pleasure which is anticipated by those who lovingly calculate to give something. When they give it and have it taken as a reward of merit, or as the result of a habit, or as a suggestion of favors to be received, there is a genuine heartbreak in it which is inexpressible. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," we know by experience, as well as by the teaching of wise old saws, but not always. Sometimes giving is the most disappointing thing on earth, but I deplore the manners and culture of those who do not know how to receive a well-meant gift. When self-sacrifice and thoughtfulness, when affection, fidelity, concentration of what is worthiest is received in a commercial spirit, when the worth of the article is calculated by the cold eye which overshadows the shallow "thank you," one feels for a moment that greed and selfishness are more reasonable than sacrifice and kindliness. I think if we want to understand ourselves that there is no better measure than self-examination at this time of the year as to how we have given, as to the spirit in which we have received.

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In the trial of Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard, for the murder of Gouffé, a new feature has been introduced—hypnotism. The judge has ruled that a paradox cannot be introduced and that hypnotism is a sort of an uncanny and grotesque thing which should not be considered. Mesmerism was once so considered. Now it is admitted. That mesmeric power can be obtained by one person over another is as easily proved as that one man may abstract the pocket-book of another. It may be wise and it is certainly consistent with the conservative impulse of those who read the law, that novelties should have no part in a trial, yet we all know that some men, some women, have an indefinable influence over others which really leaves the subject of such an influence partially helpless. Gabrielle Bompard may not have been one of these, but it seems to me that cases may sometimes occur when justice should consider the possibility. I have felt the strength of a mental power or perhaps of an animal power, which scarcely left me in possession of those faculties for the exercise and non-exercise of which we are held responsible. When we begin to judge of minds of this sort of course we wander into realms which are boundless, into a field where that which is simulated and that which is real are hard to separate, but that such a condition exists we must admit, and the moment we admit its existence we must expect that those who judge should not be unaware of its meaning.

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I presume others share my mental condition, and I can affirm the influence sometimes scarcely perceptible but at other times almost uncontrollable of another mind which concentrated will makes, for the moment at least, dominant. I should not like to confess that weakness which would permit other minds to control mine nor would I be believed if I boasted of one which controlled others, yet those who have had experience, those who have made human nature a study, will be the most reluctant to deny the existence of that something which absolutely controls the mentality and physical response of another. The introduction of hypnotism in a murder trial is, however, significant of a growing belief—a belief probably as yet not shared by many—that responsibility is not a positive and permanent condition, that temptation is not always resistible, that in fact a human being succumbs to many things besides the temperature, hunger and thirst. Those who have read what I have written in the past few years will recollect that I have always upheld this view, not in defence of wrong-doing, but to prevent that causeless, heartless denunciation of those who make an occasional mistake. In the case of Gabrielle Bompard it is different. She is what the judge calls "morally deficient," that is she is a moral idiot, in all probability a heartless murderess. I have never used this argument to defend such as she. My contention has always been that such people should be removed, and it is very immaterial to the general public whether it be the rope or the guillotine which effects the removal. We must place the execution of criminals upon the broad ground of the danger their existence would be to the public as well as upon technical offences if we desire to occupy tenable ground. If a person committed a crime in a hypnotic condition it would be proper to inquire the tendencies which placed him in contact with the criminal whose agent he becomes. No case could be cited better illustrative of this than that of Gabrielle Bompard. She too was a criminal, her contact with Eyraud was that of a partner in crime, and she cannot be forgiven even if she acted under his influence, because she sought such an influence. The case would be entirely different if an innocent person were influenced by a criminal to commit a wrong act, but it has never yet been proven or even suggested that self-control was impossible even under the strongest magnetic power when the victim's whole being revolted against the act. Until such a power is proven even hypnotism is not an excuse for misconduct, and if it be so proven then the exercise of such power will itself become criminal. That the law shall some day be forced to consider these conditions seems to me certain, that restraints will have to be imposed upon those who are possessed of such a faculty and a guardianship, either legal, parental, or social, will have to prevent innocent people from being victimized, will be necessary. Yet if we look about us we can readily see the safeguards already placed about youth to prevent the pretty or rich little flies being seized by the human spider. Moreover, if we study the character of the spider there will be found in him or in her that magnetic something which, if scientifically used, is

SITTING BULL. *Drawn from photo by E. M. Morris.*

little else than what is called hypnotism. So we get new names with nothing but old results.

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The *Empire* is to be congratulated upon the result of the prize competition it instituted between the schools of the provinces. It offered as a prize for the best essay in each community a flag which is to be raised over the school house. Fifty flags have been awarded, and it is noticeable that of the prize winners thirty-four were girls. It is somewhat odd that the girls should be more successful in expressing their patriotism than the boys. I think patriotism as well as other sentiments, develops more slowly in lads than lasses. It is a pity greater efforts are not made, not only to arouse the proper sentiment which children should feel towards the land they were born in, but to teach them to express their ideas either in declamations or essays. I think there is nothing so badly taught in our public schools as "composition." As a rule, the teachers can't compose anything themselves worth reading, and make but poor instructors in this branch. It is wonderful how little the average college graduate or even the ordinary professor knows about expressing himself on paper. The college-educated man is nearly always a failure in journalism unless he passes through some years of study and toil, which enables him to digest what he knows. When a child tries to write a composition, and is perfectly natural, there is always something worth reading in it, but when a collegian who has his head swelled by the gases of undigested knowledge prepares an essay, in nine cases out of ten it is not only wearisome but unintuitive. How is it that when it is a recognized fact that what we know is to be measured by our ability to express, in part or practice it, that so little attention is paid to the art of giving expression to our thoughts! There is not in life a more delightful pastime or pursuit than the giving expression to our feelings in words, pictures, music, or statuary, yet young ladies who take music lessons do it with the idea of being able to "play," not with the hope of expressing themselves. Those who paint and draw for a pastime hope to be nothing but copyists, which is but a poor pursuit. If their ideal were to give expression to themselves the poor ones would drop out of it and the clever ones would add to the beauty of art. The simplest form of giving expression to one's views—words—is less taught, more poorly taught, than any of the others, and we are only saved from greater ignorance than now exists by the beautiful phrases which great writers have given us, the ease with which a limited knowledge can be acquired, the absolute necessity of acquiring it. Those who begin to make pot-hooks and hooks and curves, are scarcely ever taught that they are engaged in the first stage off a great pursuit, that of giving expression to their knowledge, their hopes, fears and desires. They learn to write because they have to, because it is necessary that they should be able to sign their name, keep books, write letters, order goods, or write love letters which may afterwards be produced in a breach of promise suit. The chief and central idea of expressing themselves is left out, and, as a rule, they grow up without any power of expression of any sort unless they have a conspicuous talent in that direction.

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Those who imagined that the Sunday street car question amounted to nothing have been undeceived. The newspapers have been afraid of the question, but the *World* and SATURDAY NIGHT have long championed the idea. The *World* made it its supreme issue recently, and the aldermen have awakened from their notion that Toronto was so severely Puritanical that they could popularize themselves by refusing to let the public decide in a matter which concerned everybody. Puritanism of this sort is praiseworthy when the entire character of the Puritan is consistent with the attempt to force other people to do as they do not desire to, but when men who are notoriously lax in their notion of what is right endeavor to obtain popularity by extreme stringency in one feature of their policy it is fair to characterize it as hypocrisy. The weathercocks and flap-doodlers thought they had struck an idea whereby they could make themselves appear sanctified to their religious constituents, but they overworked it, and as usual their efforts to be what they are not have resulted in their own confusion. There is a vast deal of Liberalism in the community which has not been sized up. Some time there will be an outbreak of this element which will be more dangerous to our peace and progress than we imagine if we continue repressive measures, and continuously allege that the public convenience and propriety are immaterial when opposed to a prejudice. For my own part I prefer to see reforms granted when they are needed rather than that excuses be committed in the name of liberalism. We must soon choose between these results. Our present municipal Calvinism may restrain for a time, but it can be the precursor of nothing but excesses.

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We are on the eve of a great change. Public opinion has been much disturbed. The idea most prevalent is that things must be worse before they can be better. Both in the candidature for the mayoralty and for aldermanic positions there is singular lacking of public spirit. The majority of large tax payers and citizens generally believe that we have not yet touched bottom, that we must have another year of misrule before anything can be accomplished. Nobody seems to be prepared to enter the mayoralty contest, for after the election comes the terrible task of straightening out the work of the incompetents and log-rollers of the past. For my own part I think things have gone far enough in this direction, but those who believe that nothing but an avalanche or a cyclone can clean up the disorder of our present condition are in the majority, and during 1891. with the misrule and municipal misery it promises, the boil is expected to reach a head, that is, if the judgment of those who think they know. There is nothing for us to do but wait for the opening of the abscess, hoping that it may cleanse our system and frighten by its pestilence our citizens into a more careful mode of municipal living.

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Just as I said last week, the bad taste of the Sub-Health Committee has brought on a controversy which evidently the medical examiners expected when they refused to announce the standing of the applicants, and I was glad to see Dr. Burns' short and sharp interview in the *Mail*. The under-the-barn business has got so common that it has ceased to be cute. It is to be hoped that next year's aldermen will not be so fond of the hands-and-knees attitude as those who have occupied the chamber this year. Are the people of Toronto so shallow that they cannot see the result of such an attitude, cannot detect insincerity and punish cowardice? Or must they have another year of it before their officials assume the attitude of bipeds?

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The election in North Victoria has been the most disastrous rout the Grits have had in years. Even Wiman confesses that it was a blow between the eyes for reciprocity. The Tories are jubilant, and what is worse still for the Grits, patriotic Canadians believe that something has been done to defeat a most unworthy conspiracy.

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In Canada the merry hangman has had plenty to do, and it is not strange that the enemies of capital punishment should take upon themselves the task of stirring up public opinion against the putting to death of criminals. Yet no one has endeavored to prove that Day, the wife murderer, or Lamontagne, who killed his brother-in-law, was worth keeping alive at the expense of the community. Sentimentalism, however, thrips upon the extreme of putting them to death. One writer goes so far as to say that we bar the gates of Heaven against the executioner and intimates that the judge and jury are also hopeless candidates for future happiness. Very well. If to rid the world of such monsters as Day and Lamontagne would justify our Creator in sending the hangman, judge and jury to hell, we are even yet more merciful than our Maker. DON.

Social and Personal.

This week of all weeks in the year is sacred to the home and its immediate circle. The social world was peopled with functions last week, and there are three large balls in the near future, but this week faces are turned toward their own fireside, hearts are reaching out to those near them by love or kin, and the dear four hundred friends are simply misty names.

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Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson of Quebec arrived in the city this week from Hot Springs, Arkansas, and will spend the holiday time as guests at Chestnut Park.

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Capt. Macpherson of Regina, N. W. T., is a guest at Chestnut Park.

Mrs. Cameron of Carlton street gave a farewell tea for Mrs. Ober Ward on Saturday last.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson entertained the following friends at dinner on Christmas Day: Dr. and Mrs. Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, the Misses Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Frank Jones and Mr. Watson.

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Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Sheppard and James S. Fullerton, Q C., left on Christmas Day for a two months' visit to Mexico.

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On Monday night the annual officers' dinner was held at the Fort. There were present Col. Otter, Major Mason, Major Sankey, Major Harrison, Dr. Grasett, Dr. Lesslie, Capt. Pellatt, Capt. Merritt, Capt. Brock, Capt. Mowat, Mr. Irving, Lieut. Denison, Dr. King, Lieut. McClelland, Capt. J. B. McLean, Capt. Macdougal, Dr. Strange, Lieut. Evans, Lieut. Laurie, Lieut. Chadwick and Lieut. McMahon.

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The old home of Judge Patterson on the corner of Jarvis and Wellesley streets was last Friday night the scene of a very gay and pleasant At Home, the present occupants, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, receiving on that evening a large number of their friends. It was one of those pleasant occasions when every guest felt the warmth of a genuine welcome. Over 150 guests were present and after the reception there was dancing.

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The jolly yachtsmen are going to surprise their friends by the elaborate details of their grand ball to be given in the third week of January. Last year's effort received for its guerdon an unquestionable success, and this year all watch the making ready with admiration and look forward to a delightful dance, with all the requirements perfect in their completeness. The Mutual street rink has been selected for the ball room, and an orchestra from Buffalo will be engaged.

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Mr. Ed. W. Sandys, formerly of Toronto, and now of Montreal, passed through to-day on his way to Chatham to spend the Christmas holidays at home.

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Mrs. and Miss Woodbridge return to the city next week from their visit to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and will be at home to their many friends on New Year's Day.

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The Church of the Redeemer was on Wednesday of last week the scene of a very pleasant event, the Rev. L G. Wood of Blenheim being united in marriage to Miss Ida E., daughter of Mr. R. A. Barton of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Septimus Jones, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Armstrong of Moore. A few minutes after 11 o'clock the bride's carriage arrived at the church, and the bride, supported by her father, marched down the aisle, while Miss Barton, cousin of the bride, played the wedding march. She was met at the altar by the groom, who was attended by Mr. G. Elliott of Toronto University, while the bride was attended by her sister, Miss Lena Barton. A large number gathered at the church to witness the impressive ceremony, after which the guests repaired to the home of the bride's father, where an informal reception was held. Mr. and Mrs. Wood left on the afternoon train for London.

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An impromptu musical matinee was held on Wednesday of last week at the residence of Mrs. Falconbridge, Pembroke street, at which a special feature was the playing of the Hecker children.

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Mr. C. J. Whitney, the well-known theatrical manager, together with Mrs. Whitney, Miss Whitney and Mr. B. Cecil Whitney, arrived at New York on Monday from Europe. The party have been abroad a year, which they thoroughly utilized to the best advantage in touring extensively in France, Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, going considerably north of the Arctic circle, "the land of the midnight sun," Russia Poland, Austria, Hungary, Italy and Switzerland. The relative arrival in Britain and the necessity for Mr. Whitney's return to his business limited their tour in that country to the chief cities only. The party arrived in Toronto on Wednesday en route to Detroit and will be the Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holmes, the latter being Mr. Whitney's eldest daughter.

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On Tuesday evening a delightful entertainment was given in West Association Hall by the Ladies' Aid Society of Parkdale Presbyterian Church The programme consisted of a recital interspersed with musical selections.

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Zetland Lodge A. F. and A. M. will hold one of their popular At Homes on January 23, 1891.

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The Canadian Military Institute held a smoking concert on Saturday of last week. The evening was most enjoyably spent in listening to a varied programme and seeing performers and audience through an entrancing mist of fragrant smoke.

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The Bachelors of Burris give a grand ball in that town on January 7. The lady patronesses are: Lady Kortright, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Schreiber, Mrs. Cotter, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Spry, Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Pepler, Mrs Spotton and Mrs. Way.

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The Bachelors of Walkerton will welcome their friends to a ball on New Year's Eve. The patronesses are: Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. A. R. Klein, Mrs. D. Robertson, Mrs. McNamara, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Green, Mrs. J. R. Shaw and Mrs. W. F. Freeman.

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York Lodge, A. F. and A. M., held a pleasant conversazione on Friday, December 19, at the lodge rooms, Eglinton. Mr. George Reeves, S. W., was chairman of committees and Mr. C. C. Norris, J. W., secretary. Visitors from other lodges were Messrs. J. R Roaf, John Humberstone, John Barker and George Mitchell.

A Unique Reunion.

At a five o'clock tea given by Mrs. J. M. Might of St. James' avenue, there were present a number of ladies, among them being four whose combined ages make 339 years. Their children number 36; grandchildren, 120; great-grandchildren, 42 The eldest, as a bride, settled near Toronto in the year 1821, she being now 87 years old. The next in years, now 86, was present at the marriage of the first mentioned lady, and was also known to the others. After a few years the others married and went to homes in different parts, only to meet again so recently on St. James avenue. The afternoon was one to be remembered by the other guests, as many of the rainbow scenes of exploits in which they had taken parts were most interesting and would fill not a very small volume. One spoke of traveling from Brighton to Toronto in a vehicle drawn by two oxen and one horse, the journey occupying nine days and nights. Another told how her husband carried on his back the wheat from which they obtained all the flour they used, and would sometimes have to remain at the mill one or two days and nights, in order to take the flour home with him. One told of traveling all night to see her husband, who she had heard late that night had been ordered with his regiment—he being an officer—some hundred miles farther away. She had no road or beaten track, only what she styled the "blaze" on trees to guide her. In her arms she held her babe and beside her on the seat sat another child three years old. During her dreary ride, mostly through woods, she came to but one house where she could warm herself and children and rest and feed her horses. To take an axe and drive away a bear or wolf which ventured too near their homes seems to have been looked very lightly upon by them.

Grand Opera House.

In a recent interview, Rose Coghlan, who for four years was leading lady at Wallack's Theater, New York, and who plays a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House next week, in three of her favorite roles, showed herself to consider the matter of stage costuming a very important factor in the success of a modern star. "We have made prodigious progress in the art of costuming in other ways than richness of costumes," she said. "Our managers are very particular in regard to accuracy of design. And the same spirit which governed only the best theaters of our country now secluded the whole profession. There is no difficulty now in ascertaining all about costumes, and consequently there can be little excuse for inaccuracy of dressing on the stage. Of course modifications have been made in some details, as when Edwin Booth wanted to dress The Merchant of Venice with excellence, and found that Venetians of that period were accustomed to peramboulate that picturesque but damn city on "pattens or clocks." I have recently spent $5 000 in new costumes for Peg Woffington and Forget-Me-Not, and consider it an excellent investment." During the next week Miss Coghlan will present Peg Woffington. London Assurance and Lady Barter.

Money-Making for Boys.

Master J. P. Meagher, of Belleville, has this year been presented with the watch and chain suitably inscribed which goes to the most successful of our out-of-town little boy agents. He every week takes a hundred copies and sold a hundred and thirty o. our Christmas Numbers. An opportunity for little boys to obtain customers and to build up a valuable little business amongst the better class of people in every town and village, is offered by SATURDAY NIGHT, and some of our best juvenile agents are the children of those whom misfortune has made poor. It is a respectable business, which parents should encourage their children to enter, does not interfere with their attendance at school and the profits are enough to provide the little fellow with clothing and books, while at the same time it sharpens them up and gives them business habits which in their after life will be of inestimable value. Those desirous of selling SATURDAY NIGHT should address this office and every opportunity will be afforded them of beginning business.

The Goodyear Rubber Store.

The opening of this establishment at number 12 King street west will be a great convenience to the public. It is run by the Gutta Percha Rubber Company, whose manufacturing works in Parkdale and large wholesale house on Yonge street are well known as the most extensive establishments of the kind west of Montreal. The proprietors of the Goodyear Rubber store are sparing no expense in fitting up their place with regard to convenience, beauty and taste. Their stock is all first-class and chosen with a view to cater to the best custom in the city. A special department has been prepared for ladies, where everything in the rubber line that can be called for, from a waterproof cloak to a rubber bandage, is kept. In this department ladies are waited on by attendants of their own sex, and the utmost privacy is assured. Waterproof garments for both men and women will be made to order. Anything in rubber that requires repairing will be promptly attended to, and any article not kept in stock will be obtained with the utmost expedition. Persons wanting any article in rubber, from a coil of hose to a ball for a child, can be supplied with the best at this establishment.

Books and Papers.

One of the prettiest holiday souvenirs of the season is the Album of Canadian Statesmen issue by the Toronto *News*, intended as a premium to go with their weekly edition. It contains the faces of the leading statesmen, Dominion and Provincial. The engravers' work has been done by the best artists and the printing is excellent. It deserves and will doubtless receive the commendations of the entire Canadian public.

The *Labor Advocate*, a paper published in the interests of the working men and edited by J Phillips Thompson, is the best effort in that line yet made in Toronto. It seems to be conducted on business principles, and if it receives the support from the toilers which it deserves will be a success. Such a paper is needed, and for its editor no more sincere man or better writer of English could be found than Mr. Thompson.

Mr. T. E Moberly since he became editor of the *Week* has greatly improved it. Every issue has shown the benefit of his work, and the Christmas Number indicates the new life and energy which is warming up this always meritorious publication.

A Bad Break.

"My life is crushed!" cried the young man. "I have lived a life of profligacy, been fast, wicked, immoral, have looked on the wine when it was of all colors, have waltzed more than once at the stage door, and, in fact, I have found that life is all vanity. Hereafter I have determined to renounce all worldly pleasures, and—and shall hie me to a nunnery!"—*Boston Traveller.*

Government House

TORONTO

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor will hold a Reception at Government House on Thursday, the 1st of January, between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock.

Gentlemen are requested to provide themselves with a visiting card to be given to the Secretary in the reception-room.

By order,
H. S. HARCOURT VERNON,
Private Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of ten per cent. upon the paid up capital stock in this institution has been declared for the current year, and that the same will be payable at the office of the Company, Adelaide Street West, on and after

Thursday, the 15th Day of January Next

The transfer books will be closed from the 5th to the 16th day of January next, both days inclusive, by order of the Board. E. E. SHEPPARD, Manager.

Toronto, December 23, 1890.

Grand Opera House

ONE WEEK COMMENCING | MONDAY, DEC. 29

Matinees New Year's Day and Saturday

ROSE COGHLAN

Under the management of AUG. PITOU.

For this engagement Mr Pitou has selected an excellent company to support Miss Coghlan in her several plays, among which are

Mr. John T Sullivan	Mr. John Conlon
Mr. Mason Mitchell	Master Tommy
Mr Luke Martin	Miss Ella McGregor
Mr Walter Kyle	Mr. Robert Moreland
Mr. Thomas Whiffin	Miss E te E. Baker
Mr. Charles E Evein	Miss Jessie Weatherby
Mr Charles Kidner	Little Bella
Mr. T. E McGregor	Miss Mattie Young
	Mr. Bruce Hayes

For repertoire and house programme see daily papers.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of Toronto, will be held and taken place at the office of the Company on the Seventh day of December, 1890 was adjourned to and will take place at the Office of the Company, No. 35 Front Street East, Toronto, on MONDAY, THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, A.D. 1891, at the hour of TWO O'CLOCK P M for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the confirming and adoption of the annual minute of the present directors. Also for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. R C. WARREN, Secretary.

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S.S. SERVIA ..... Saturday, December 27
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Boudoir Gossip.

Some one on our street owns a dog. He is a handsome fellow, but he is too ambitious. He aspires to office, and has taken upon himself the duty of a night watchman. Not content with interrogating pedestrians, he soliliquizes in an audible undertone for some minutes after they pass. His bark is most peculiar. I lay awake one night recently listening to it, and trying at intervals to spell the noise. I did rather wish there were some more letters in the alphabet, but after much deliberation I decided that "ghwart," with the "g" strongly guttural, would explain the case exactly. I do love dogs, but I am afraid the ambition of this one will spoil his future.

*

Last week we were rattling down Sherbourne street in a street car. There were fourteen passengers, among them a dear little baby girl who was playing with her father's whiskers and her own wee thumbs. Such a little chatterbox she was. Her remarks on the local scenery were odd and very amusing. At Queen street the car ran on a switch and the horses were fastened to the rear to make matters right. Some one said jocosely that we were "going home again," and the baby girl heard it. "I don't want to go home," she cried, "Oh, don't let us go back again." Her distress was very evident, and yet there were few of the passengers who could repress the smile which came to their lips. Bless the confiding little baby heart! The world will soon teach her that words lose their real signification, and some day she, too, will turn with questioning eye before she allows a statement to discompose her.

*

DEAR MARGUERITE.—There is a little bit of news which I feel I should tell you, and it is about Jacob. "He" sent the photograph, and it is by me now. It pictures a stately woman, with dark, earnest eyes, patient, yet firm lips, a brave, unwrinkled brow and a sensitive and sympathetic nose. You were right when you questioned the "Jacob" signature, and I trust you do not mind my having kept our little secret until now.

*

"When my daughter grows up," said a wise father one day last week, "she shall have some trade or profession, by which to maintain herself." I admired him for his decision, for I know how often girls who are helpless marry for a home, or for the support which they cannot win from the world for themselves. It is cruel of parents to educate their girls so insufficiently or so unwisely that if fate throws down the glove they cannot answer the challenge with deft fingers and brave, willing hearts. In these days girls cannot all be governnesses or companions, and so they must use any especial talent they possess. It is heartless to discourage children from following the natural bent of their inclinations. Dame Nature is wiser than human guardians, and when she puts in a heart a deep-rooted love for any one pursuit, she has usually attended to the furnishing of the head with a view to harmony of detail. If a girl loves books do not chide her for reading them. She may win a livelihood through their aid by and by. If more girls were satisfied that they could, if necessary, make a little home nest for themselves, there would be fewer complaining, dispirited wives, fewer uncongenial men and women linked together for all time by sacred words and vows, fewer broken hearts and fewer ruined lives. Give the girls of our land a chance to drive away the wolf, and they are brave enough to wear golden fetters on their fingers only when love's blessed fetters are bound about their hearts.

*

Mannish women have been written down until, I suppose, they are written under. While there are women who are glad that they are not men, there are still those whose fine feelings might be improved upon. No man ever wishes in his wife any dearer quality than true womanliness of heart. From this will come her delicacy, her sympathy and her tenderness. These graces appeal to him, because in the crowds of men who move about him in business hours, he sees the lack of gentler feelings. Speaking on this subject to a girl who wins her own livelihood, I was pleased to find her anxious to be a womanly woman, while she was at the same time an earnest and enthusiastic business woman. Her deft fingers busied themselves about the task in hand, even as she talked with me, and I looked down into her cheery, modest face, and wished there were more like her in this great world, which is so apt to blunt the edges of gentle, highly-strung natures.

*

Last Monday morning I happened to be on a train which was delayed for a couple of hours by a freight car wreck. If one wants to study facial expressions, such a time affords valuable material in great variety. Business men looked worried. Business girls fretted and fumed. Travelers put in the time yawning, consulting their watches and explaining the policy of the railway to all within earshot. But of all the passengers, the very happiest were a group of college boys, who were congratulating themselves on having a good excuse for missing lectures. They were restless but not overly anxious to go on. The restlessness was made apparent by several outbursts of decidedly school boyish slang, and hastily whistled snatches from The Little Tycoon. Pretty soon the express came alongside, and some quick witted passengers boarded our train, singing out a tantalizing "Ta-ta," as we move off before it. It would be almost impossible to imitate the inflection of those parting words. They seemed to have a decidedly "worritin" effect on the men who stood on the steps of the express and watched the accommodation take precedence.

One of Fashions caprices is the wearing of tulle or light material for the demi-train of ball gowns, and brocade for the front. This reverses the order of things to which we are accustomed.

Chiffon is prettily combined with light faille striped silks. The chiffon is the color of the brightest shade in the silk.

Pretty boas are made of lace cascaded on a silk tape. They may be twined about the throat with low-necked house dresses with a most engaging effect.

My lady finds that big crumpled hat brims are a nuisance in very cold or windy weather, and if she is wise she lays away the wide-brimmed Gainsborough with its plumes or ribbon loops, and dons a close-fitting capote which acts kindly towards a veil and keeps wayward tresses in subjection.

In buying silk handkerchiefs to fold about the neck always choose a soft but fine one. It folds better and excludes the cold air more efficiently than the coarser and harsher kinds.

It pays to watch glove seams and to put the needed stitch in when first the little rent asks for it. When the fingers wear shabby a light touching with shoe polish will improve the appearance of dark gloves. CLIP CAREW.

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. Thirty years ago a journey from New York to San Francisco meant a tedious voyage around Cape Horn, across the Isthmus, or a still more trying and uncomfortable voyage in a "prairie clipper." Now it has dwindled down to a mere five-day's existence in a sumptuous palace car, in which no element of discomfort is allowed to enter to mar the pleasure of the tourist. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. The traveler's overcoat should be a single or double-breasted ulster with a cape or capot, broad collar. It should be provided with a tab for buttoning it snugly about the throat when leaving the heated atmosphere of the car in cold weather. The cape or capot should be made detachable by means of buttons beneath the collar. The material used in such garments are of the Scotch cheviot makes, in plaids or diagonals, which make a very handsome garment. Having on hand a most desirable line of these goods, I would ask your inspection before purchasing elsewhere. Elegance and fine workmanship, combined with moderation in prices. The fashionable West End tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

The Active Lad.

Mrs. Hashly—You say you haven't put a stove in Mr. Prettyboy's room. How does he keep from freezing?

Mrs. Tartly—I put a couple of mirrors in his room.

Mrs. Hashly—But they won't compensate him for the lack of a stove.

Mrs. Tartly.—They do. He keeps himself warm by constantly walking from one mirror to the other to look at himself.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

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PALMS

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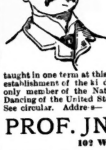

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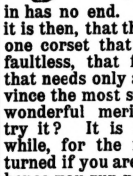

Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief, it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.

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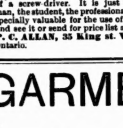

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A YEAR'S PROBATION

A dangerous illness succeeded that night of terror. When I awoke to a knowledge of surrounding things, I found myself in a sunny room with latticed casement and gay chintz hangings. I could scarcely believe I was still in the gloomy old Manor House.

"Where am I?" I asked Patience, whom my first movements had brought to my side. "This cannot be my old chamber!"

"Yes, indeed," answered Patience—"it is ten times better, I think."

"But it is still the Manor House?"

"Oh, yes, it is the old place, Miss Dorothy, but at the beginning of your illness Mr. Jonas had this room papered and painted! He went to town himself and bought the pretty hangings; and, when you were carried in, he gave me orders not to leave you night or day."

"What caused my illness, Patience?"

"That is more than I know. It will be six weeks come Thursday since Mr. Jonas knocked at my bed-room door and told me to come at once. I hurried down at the time when I should be in the morning, to find the house in a commotion. The maids were lighting fires; a groom had been despatched for the doctor; and you were lying on your bed in some kind of fit."

"Was aunt Deb with me?"

"No—that is the strangest part of it. Mrs. Deborah declares that all through the night she slept soundly and heard nothing. It is my belief that she dared not for the life of her leave her own apartment. Cook, who is a light sleeper, says there was an awful row; and for days afterwards Mr. Jonas went about looking as black as a thundercloud, while your aunt could not hold up her head. Mr. Jonas won't tell of course.

By this time I remembered the cause of my illness; but, for the sake of poor old Aunt Deb's gray hairs, I kept silent.

The prolonged convalescence was most trying to my youthful impatience, though both Mr. Jonas and my maid strove to make the hours of enforced inaction pass as pleasantly as possible. I was truly grateful, and should have been altogether happy had not the thought of Aunt Deb—who, to my great joy, never visited me—haunted me day and night. As I lay, helpless and weak, among the pillows, her tall form, like some ghastly spectre, was ever present to my imagination, and again and again I started from my resting in terror, dreaming of her. I began to fear I should go mad.

One afternoon, when Mr. Jonas sat beside me, I summoned up courage to mention Aunt Deb's name.

"Poor child," said the old man, looking keenly at me, "are you still afraid? Nay, dismiss all further apprehension—I can confidently assure you that you are safe. Neither life nor reason shall again be tampered with. Your aunt has now other objects of attention. She was married this morning to Silas Bray."

"Married! Aunt Deb married! I cannot believe it!"

"It is a fact notwithstanding. I was present in the church during the ceremony."

"Married to second-cousin Silas!" I exclaimed; and the idea of energetic Aunt Deb united to that foppish old man was so amusing that I laughed till the tears rolled down my cheeks

"Oh, dear," I gasped, "how funny it will seem! I don't think I shall feel afraid of her any more."

The story of my convalescence would be incomplete did I not refer to a great joy which came to me at that time. The return home of Kingslea, in fulfilment of his duties, visited me in my illness. When he discovered that I was the daughter of a clergyman, he apparently considered the fact a bond of union which could not be disregarded, and, after I was able to be moved during the day to a little sunny room adjoining my bedroom, he called very frequently. Taking it for granted that I should be interested, he spoke much of his parish work, modestly asking chase my father would have done in such and such circumstances. I spoke of my beloved parent—of his self-denial, his charity, his holy life; and my visitor never wearied of the theme. Happy indeed were those hours of congenial intercourse!

On the twelfth of June occurred the great event of the season. A marriage was celebrated between the daughter of Sir Rufus Corbet, the great man of the county, and the son of a distinguished statesman. As my aunt's great satisfaction, we received invitations to the ball given at Fleming Court in honor of the occasion.

It was my first ball, and I enjoyed it with the happy abandonment of an artless girl. My partners proved agreeable, and I danced with faces-antly. During an interval, as I sat near my aunt for a brief but very necessary rest, our attention was attracted by voices in altercation at the door of the ball-room. We were too distant to ascertain the cause of the disturbance; but shortly afterwards a tall man with long hair in unpowdered fashion, dressed in white regimentals, walked leisurely up the room.

"Sir," he said, in broken English, addressing Sir Rufus Corbett, who was entertaining with my aunt, "you see before you the Baron von Bix, who has left his great Fatherland to pay a visit to your good country. I did hear that a joyful festival was in this house, and I took permission to look in, for which I desire you bestow on me your absolution."

With old-fashioned courtesy, Sir Rufus bade him welcome. Some further exchange of civilities took place; then the Baron, fixing his bold black eyes upon my face, craved the dance just about to commence.

I glanced towards Aunt Deb, for our time was getting short. We were of course anxious to reach Kingslea before sunrise, and I would willingly have made excuses, for I did not like this audacious man. My aunt did not, or would not, see my beseeching look, but answered, sweetly:

"By not disturbed, niece Dorothy—the carriage has not yet come. Accept the honor this noble gentleman wishes to confer upon you."

So, with a gleam of triumph in his eyes, the Baron led me away.

I was just overcoming my aversion in the enjoyment of the dance, when a little hand was laid upon my shoulder, and, to my amazement, the peremptory voice of Jonas Johnson whispered:

"You have not a moment to lose! Follow me!"

Alarmed at this portentous warning, I left the Baron to his own devices, and ran quickly from the room.

When I gained the entrance hall, the door stood open to admit the sweet night air; but no carriage was visible—my aunt was gone.

"Oh, hear shall I do?" I cried, wringing my hands. "All is lost! How could I have been so neglectful?"

"Bemoaning mends no evil," said Mr. Jonas curtly. "But, looking into his kind face, I knew I had found a friend.

"Can we do it?" I asked, clasping my hands with an imploring gesture.

"We can but try," he answered, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "No time must be lost," he added, with an ominous frown.

I hurried to the cloak-room with a lightened heart, and, when I returned, I found a stalwart, strong-limbed horse equipped with saddle and cushion stood before the door. As soon as I appeared, Jonas took a shawl and tied it round my waist, leaving the long ends loose. Then he mounted, and, with the assistance of a groom, I was lifted up behind him, the long ends of the shawl were bound round his waist, and we started at full gallop.

At last the white gates of the home park appeared, and, as they were opened and we went through them, the tower-clock of the Manor House rang out the three quarters past eleven. Jonas urged his horse forward at full speed, for we had yet another mile to ride.

"Just done!" exclaimed Jonas, as he lifted me down. "Run—save yourself to your aunt, and then we will have supper."

I ran upstairs with right good will; but, before I reached Aunt Deb's room, the door was opened softly and a night-capped head appeared

"I am here, aunt," I cried gleefully—"safe beneath the roof of the Manor House once more!" And, as the door was slammed in my face, the first stroke of twelve rang out clearly and loudly.

Shortly after this event, which nearly cost me my fortune, Mr. Jonas left home for some time for you. Taking advantage of his absence, Deb made my position in the Manor House almost unendurable. On the evening of the second day of my friend's absence, to escape for half an hour from my aunt's petty persecutions, I went to a remote part of the grounds, where, on a rustic seat, I had often sat and dreamed of the time when I should at length be free. Roused to passion at the indignity of some trivial insult, homesick, friendless, and, as I believed, alone, I sank down upon the greensward, and sobbed aloud in the bitterness of my pain and resentment.

"What ails you, little one?"

The words were softly spoken; but the explosion of a gun could scarcely have startled me more. I sprang to my feet, pushed back my hair from my tear-stained face, and looked in the direction from which the voice proceeded. There, on my favorite seat, the setting sun shining on his dark black hair, sat the Baron von Bix.

"It is a friend's voice," he said, smiling at my consternation. "Now tell to me your trouble."

I acted unwisely, perhaps unmaidenly; but an innocent girl was no match for a wily man of the world. I tried to parry his questions, but he was very quickly acquainted with the cause of my grief. Then, with soft sophistry and subtle flattery, he soothed my wounded spirit till, cheered and comforted, no longer feeling utterly forsaken, I walked back to the house.

This was the first of many interviews with the baron. His quaint stories charmed me; his glowing descriptions of lordly banquet and courtly ceremonial wove the golden thread of romance into the gray fabric of my experience. There was in his quiet deferential manner nothing to alarm the simplicity of ignorance; but a rude awakening awaited me.

One evening, when I had been complaining with more than ordinary bitterness, the baron suddenly drew from his morocco wallet from his breast-pocket and threw it at my feet, then knelt before me.

"My adored one," he exclaimed, "the time is come! I will no longer permit one so fair, so fitted to shine in courts, to reign as Baroness von Bix in my castle on the Rhine, to suffer as you do here. See—this wallet contains bank notes three times the amount of the fortune you seek to win! Take it, and come with me! We will find some secret sanctuary where I may make us man and wife; then we will go to the mother you so much love, and carry to her the gift! Then we will return to England towards we can journey to my castle on the Rhine."

"Never—never! I cried, as soon as I had recovered from my astonishment. "How dare you, sir! Marry you! I would rather die first!"

I wrenched my hand from his grasp, and would have fled; but he seized my arm and detained me.

"Not so fast!" he said, with an insolent laugh. "After one so fair to be thus slighted after night, thus giving me all the encouragement a man could desire, you cannot throw aside my claim. You are bound to marry me!"

"Never—never!" I cried fiercely.

"Well, well, I will not bandy words; but listen to me. To-morrow night, at ten o'clock, a post-chaise will be in the road half a mile from the park gates. It will wait half an hour, and you will meet me there. The stars forbid you to refuse!"

He relinquished his hold upon my arm, picked up the wallet and disappeared. I stood in an agonized attitude, pale, panting and trembling like a hunted creature, I stood in the hall of the Manor House. Even Aunt Deb's presence was welcome then; but it was very greatly diminished in power.

"You are late, niece Dorothy," she said, with unusual suavity; "and I have pleasant news—may it act as cordial on your spirits! The vicar, to whose saintly ministrations you were so greatly indebted during your illness, left Kingslea yesterday. He has gone to bring home a bride. We wish him every blessing. I am sure."

I felt as though an icy hand were laid upon my heart, and my head seemed to swim round.

"Prithee, girl, do you see a ghost?" demanded Mrs. Deborah. "My cordial has made you grow pale, and yet we meant good wishes."

Her mocking laugh roused my pride. Making a great effort, I dragged my weary feet slowly up the stairs to my room, and cast myself face downwards upon the bed. I knew then why the baron's proposal had so excited my indignation. I had given my love to another, and had given it unasked. All through the dark silent hours of that night I lay wounded and stricken, giving expression to my woe in an occasional groan.

The morning did not bring me much relief. Dreading my aunt's sarcastic inferences should I fail to fill my accustomed place, I went downstairs and set about my ordinary duties. I might have spared myself the pains. Mrs. Deborah had heard of my "disgraceful escapade," as she was pleased to term my meeting with the Baron von Bix, and all that summer day she kept me busy labelling jellies and preserves while she lavished upon me acrimonious reproaches. Much that she said I failed to understand; but I learned that, according to her code of morals, I had in some way incomprehensible to myself compromised my fair name, upon which an ineffaceable stigma of dishonor would rest for ever. She said she intended to lay my deplorable case fully before our spiritual counsellor, when the festivities that were sure to follow his return should permit him to attend to parish affairs. At evening tide nothing but the prospect of a penitentiary, as the only place where I might to some extent retrieve my fair error, remained.

I was not permitted to seek my chamber till after supper. A few moments of quiet consideration might have prevented my next act of folly. As I sat in my room, the great clock chimed the half-hour after nine. Without a moment's delay, I seized hood and cloak and stole softly downstairs again, out of the hall door, and into the park. Ten clear strokes rang out as I reached the entrance gates; a rapid run quickly brought me to the place of rendezvous. The Baron had not failed. Opposite to the park palings, in the deep shadow of a clump of trees, the post-chaise waited. I could hear the impatient horses champing their bits, and could discern a man pacing to and fro. The Baron did not come to meet me; so, with the courage of desperation, I ran across the road. Before I realized what had happened, I was taken up and lifted bodily into the chaise. The man took his seat beside me, and the horses started at full speed. Then, when too late, some idea of the consequences of what I had done began to dawn upon my mind.

I clung tightly to my companion for support. I clung tightly to his arm while he led me into the house. He took me into the kitchen and put me in a low chair on the hearth; then, raking together the embers of the dying fire, busied himself in preparing an appetizing repast. Not until I had taken some food—I had eaten nothing all day—did he allude to the circumstances in which he found me.

"Now let me know the truth with regard to this affair," he said quietly.

I told him the truth; but I did not speak of the vicar's marriage.

"Oh, child, why did you act so madly? Why were you not patient a little longer? It was so unlike you!" he continued, after a pause.

"What made you do it?"

I could not answer. I felt the crimson tide rush into my tingling cheeks; I covered my face with my hands, trembling violently.

"Well, well," said Jonas gently, "now go to bed. Patience shall bring your breakfast in the morning. Do not come down till I send for you. I have a week yet before my aunt which would be better spoken in your absence."

"And the Baron?" I ventured to inquire.

"Girl, the man you met in the shrubberies was no foreign nobleman, but a drunken groom whom—whom Matthew Maddison discharged a year ago. Thank God you cannot be too grateful for your deliverance."

A day or two afterwards I learned that the vicar had left Kingslea, and the cause of the report of his marriage was false.

"If you please, Miss Dorothy, you're wanted," said the under-housemaid.

It was a dull November evening, and I was just folding up my work.

"What is it, Joan?" I asked, following the girl into the hall.

"Lu, it isn't me that wants you, Miss Dorothy! 'Tis Dame Burton."

"Dame Burton—that queer old woman who lives on the hill! What can she want with me—and to night too?"

"Sez she's dying—leastways, sent a boy to say it for her."

"Dying! Then of course I must accede to her request."

I set out, declining Joan's offer to accompany me. The hill upon which Dame Burton's dwelling stood rose precipitously from the dell at about a mile from the village of Kingslea. In the summer time, when i s steep sides, covered with broom and bracken, were aglow with color and beauty, the cottage at its summit was by no means an inviting place of habitation; but, toiling up the rugged ascent on this dreary night, I decided that no one in their senses would choose such a home.

Standing in the dark porch of the solitary dwelling, I for the first time felt serious misgivings as to the wisdom of the enterprise, and was very much disposed to turn my back upon the cottage and retrace my steps at once. But the rain, which began to fall softly when I the dusk, was now descending in a steady downpour, I was fatigued by my long and hurried walk, and the reason of my coming had lost none of its urgency.

Summoning all my courage, I knocked at the door; but there was no answer. I knocked again; still there was no reply. I tried the latch; it yielded to my touch. Crossing the threshold, I found the cottage in perfect order and a great fire burning brightly on the hearth; yet there was little. Throwing aside my wet cloak, I sat down in the dame's arm-chair and waited. Minute after minute passed; still no one came to me, the silence broken only by the noisy ticking of the old Dutch clock.

I waited long and patiently; but, when the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of eight, I resolved to delay no longer. I was about to leave the cottage, when the sound of a groan arrested my steps. I flung off my cloak once more, and, opening the door which separated the staircase from the kitchen, ran up to the room above. There I found Dame Burton—not in bed, but sitting on a low stool before a few dull embers in a rusty grate. I drew near to her cautiously, and said, in a gentle tone:

"You sent for me, dame. What can I do for you?"

She did not answer, but groaned so loudly and deeply that, inexperienced though I was, I marvelled that a feeble-bodied woman at the point of death could give such voice to pain. The brown wizened face beneath the flapping cap border had not a sickly hue, and, when the old crone raised her red-rimmed eyes and fixed them upon my face with a look both bold and sly, I heartily regretted having come. I turned to go, and, with a groan on the door, when another deep groan made me hesitate.

"What is it dame?" I asked, returning to the hearth.

She only sat rocking herself to and fro, speechless as before.

"Can I do nothing for you? Because, in that case, I shall go home immediately."

"No, no—don't leave me!" said the dame.

"Are you suffering?"

"Oh, yes—I'm the rheumatis!"

"But, if that is all, why did you send for me? What can I do?"

"If you look in yon cupboard, you will see some tea. Do make me a cup!"

The cupboard was a large closet fitted up with shelves at the further end of the room. After searching for a few minutes in vain with her back firmly planted against the chamber door, a leer of malicious triumph on her face.

"What, turkey! I, this!" I demanded angrily. "Let me pass!"

But the crone only laughed wildly as she chanted gutturally:

"Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home!
You are my prisoner for some hours to come!"

The sight of her standing there coolly singing her silly rhyme so exasperated me that I flew in a fury; but Dame Burton took me up in her strong arms, carried me across the room, threw me down upon her feather-bed, and, before I recovered my breath, departed, locking the door behind her.

I did not despair, but began at once to seek for means of escape. The door leading to the kitchen was securely fastened; so I turned my attention to the window. Creeping along the floor, I opened the latter. Rain was still falling, and the wind was blowing furiously; but, seeing that the ground was sodden and the window not very high, I soon made up my mind what to do. My first act was to sit down upon the floor, and, with my back to the door with both hands, howl like an angry boy:

"Let me out, Dame Burton! I'll make you remember it! Let me out!"

This I did to convince the old woman that I had abandoned hope. Next I took the linen sheets from the bed, and, ere them into strips wherewith to plait a rope. I had only half completed my task when I heard the heavy footsteps of my keeper on the stairs. Flinging the torn sheets into the fire, I sprang upon the bed, rolled the clothes around me, and feigned sleep. The key grated in the lock, and my enemy entered.

Without raising an eyelid, I was intensely conscious of the keen gaze fixed upon my face. After a brief pause, she turned from the bedside and went to the fire. Hastily she did not linger long, and, as soon as she was safe downstairs, I set about completing my arrangements.

After a careful examination of the wall, I discovered a large nail driven in just above the casements. To this I tied one end of the twisted linen, and set the other end hanging out of the window. Not daring to pause lest my courage should fail, I held the rope with one hand, grasped the window-ledge with the other, and slid down quickly. Fortunately my improvised rope reached within a few feet of the ground.

Fear seemed to lend wings to my feet when I heard the sound of a heavy footfall close at hand. In my haste I missed the narrow, circuitous path, and ran madly through brake and bramble till I reached the bottom of the hill. There, to my intense relief, I met Jonas Johnson. As we walked home I related the story of my adventure, and he listed down to supper I ran upstairs and, knocking at Aunt Deb's chamber door, cried:

"Don't be anxious, aunt—I am quite safe! The rain has ceased. Eleven o'clock has just struck."

On the twenty-second of December I was standing in the hall, when the sound of the postman's knock made me hurry to the door. The letter put into my hand bore my own name. Carefully opening the envelope, I unfolded the square of thick paper it enclosed. The sheet contained a hastily scrawled line:

"Come at once—your mother is dying!"

I sought Jonas, and handed him the fatal letter.

"Oh, help me!" I implored.

He looked at the almost illegible writing, and answered:

"I will. Do not be afraid!"

In less than an hour we were travelling northwards, and late in the evening of the second day the coach drew up before the well known gate. I scrambled out and hastened along the narrow garden path. The door being unlatched, I entered, crossed the hall, and with trembling hands pushed open the parlor door. My mother was sitting by the fire, a smile upon her face. Aunt Deb had triumphed, and I had lost my fortune!

The next day was Sunday, and one of the most miserable I had ever spent. Weary and dejected, I sat in the corner of our pew in the parish church and watched the shadows deepen on my mother's face, while on home the mournful cadence of her voice was a continual reproach. On Monday morning however reawakening gave place to hurry and wonderment; for Jonas not only demanded that I should return with him to Kingslea, but insisted that the rest of my family should go too. Mother objected, but ultimately yielded; and Tuesday saw us all in a coach speeding on our way.

In due time, without mishap, we arrived at our destination; and within an hour of my return we assembled in the dining-room to hear my uncle's will read a second time.

Profound silence reigned as Mr. Sims, the family lawyer, read:

"And the residue of my property to be equally divided between my sister Deborah Denny, my nephew Silas Bray, and my grandniece Dorothy Hare, on condition that they reside together at Kingslea for one entire year. Whichever shall any time be absent from the Manor House between midnight and daybreak shall forfeit all claim to money, land, or estate to the benefit of the remaining two."

My inheritance was lost. Tears, which I hoped were not seen, fell upon my clasped hands. Some one saw them however; for the vicar, who was present, came to my side and whispered:

"You acted rightly. I rejoice that you went!"

He remained behind my chair, as if to manifest his approval of my conduct, and I was comforted.

"I beg to inform you," said Aunt Deborah, addressing Mr. Sims, "that Dorothy Hare has not complied with the stipulations in this document. I therefore demand that the whole property be given to my husband and myself."

"A testament cannot be acted upon until the testator is dead."

These words rang clearly through the room. Aunt Deb sank back in her chair, and every face turned to the speaker on the opposite end of the table. There sat—not Jonas Johnson—no, in ruffled shirt and powdered wig—there could be no mistake—it was Matthew Maddison himself.

"Be silent, Deb!" commanded our unexpected host, as Aunt Deborah screamed "I am no disembodied spirit, but will speedily convince you of the reality of my appearance in the flesh. It is known to all of you, he continued, "that a remarkable resemblance existed between Jonas Johnson and myself. We were friends in the days of our youth, when together we took part in village sports; in the relation of mast and servant we friendship prepared till he died. Now Jonas Johnson and Lawyer Sims always contended that my will was drawn up in favor of my wife, if I should be dead, I resolved to test the truth of the assertion. The likeness we bore to each other made it easy for me to impose upon Jonas, and, taking a servant's place." My uncle paused for a moment, and then inquired, "Does any here dispute my identity?"

Mrs. Deborah, who, meanwhile, glanced at the slight upright figure, quailed beneath the piercing eyes, and sat down again.

"Well, Sir, I may add myself—are prepared to give full proof of my statements. I acknowledge now that my will was an unjust one. During the past year I have had a bitter experience of the power of avarice. I do not reproach you, Deborah; for I too have acted a deceitful part, though even while doing so I learned to love my poor relations. I never loved them in past days. To Dorothy Hare, whose conduct has taught me many a lesson of honest simplicity, I shall bequeath the whole of my fortune; her family shall reside with me, and we will strive to make the Manor House a happy home. Sister Deborah, you possess wealth more than sufficient for your requirements; I would not be kindness to add to your store. A post-chaise waits to convey you and your husband on the first stage of your journey homeward. When time has extracted the sting from the bitter memories of the past, I shall hope for a more cordial meeting; till then, farewell! Dorothy, dear daughter, welcome to Kingslea!"

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A Moment of Suspense

"Anna Matilda (who has just made a purchase)—If it likes coconaut candy an' smells it in my pocket, I am lost!—*Life.*

Clever

Little Mamie, during her arithmetic lesson, recently asked her school teacher how old she was.

Said the teacher, who had already passed her thirtieth birthday, with the *naivete* of which ladies are sometimes capable when confronted with awkward questions: "I can only say, my dear, that I have passed addition and have entered substraction."

The child looked puzzled and the teacher smiled a wise, far away smile.—*New York Mercury.*

Cause and Effect.

Husband—My stars! What has happened. Here's a thousand dollars' worth of bric-a-brac smashed to pieces.

Wife (helplessly)—I—don't—know. I've been taking a nap. Has there been an earthquake this afternoon?

Husband—No.

Wife—Then Bridget has been dusting.—*Judge.*

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Three Christmas Days.

It was a typical Christmas morning. The snow folded the brown old earth in a white mantle; the sun shining on the frost-hardened surface, called into glistening being myriads of gems.

"A perfect Christmas morning!"

The words broke enthusiastically from the lips of a young girl, who parted the curtains and looked out upon the white world, which spread itself before her.

Emma Laurison looked pretty this morning, prettier than usual; for gladness shone in her brown grey eyes, and arched her full, firm lips into pleasing curves. She was not thinking of the morning scene now. Her thoughts had annihilated time and space, and she stood in fancy beside a lake, flashing in the sunlight—heard again a voice which said, "I will write you a letter which shall reach you Christmas morning."

Then then the mention of the letter did not gladden her heart—now it was different. The love she had cast away at that time was now very dear to her; and, with a beatingheart, hes thought of the missive which was to come to her this morning, bringing the old offer of the old love.

At the foot of the stairs she paused to kiss a little golden haired maiden, whose waking thought had been of Santa Claus. She had stolen down, with little bare feet, tumbled hair, and white night-gown, to get her stockings.

Clasping in each arm a crimson stocking, she had toiled along the hall, and Emma, smiling at the queer little figure, stooped to kiss the bonny, joyous face.

"Santa Kaus put sings in bofe my tockins, 'cause I was good." The wee lady looked over her shoulder, as she volunteered this information, while the elder sister regarded her tottering steps with some alarm. Assistance was refused with some dignity, and the happy child went on to the nursery, while Emma took her way into the dining room.

In half an hour's time the family were gathered for breakfast, but waited the arrival of Mark, a lad of twelve, who had gone for the morning mail.

Presently he came in—ruddy-faced, bright-eyed, and half out of breath.

"There!" he exclaimed, laying a leather bag on his father's lap. "It's a big mail to-day, 'cause it's Christmas, I 'spose."

"Why did you carry the bag," laughed Mr. Laurison, as he inspected it, "and where," he added, with a look of comical wonder, "did you get it anyway?"

"Up in the attic," replied the lad; "it's Emma's old school bag, and I'll put it back. I only brought it down to use to-day, to pretend I was a postman."

There were letters for all, but Emma's letter was not the one she had waited for, and she was disappointed—oh, so bitterly. She glanced out of the window, wishing to hide her face from the other members of the family. The sun did not shine half so brightly now; the diamonds glistening on the high-piled snow were only bits of ice; the sparrows' chirping was discordant and annoying.

For a time she was sad, and then my lady's pride came to her rescue. With all the will-power she possessed she forced herself into a state of indifference, not deigning to admit to her inmost soul that she cared whether he wrote or not.

At the breakfast table she was gay, but upon reaching her own room her assumed gaiety departed, and a very miserable, red-eyed girl rocked furiously in a low chair, while she chid and pitied herself at the same time.

"All my own fault," she muttered savagely; "I must have cared for him even then, and now he does not love me, or he would have written, as he promised."

He was much older than Emma. Her friend, she had thought him, until he told her his real feeling. His story of love did not move her, and Will Craig knew when the girlish voice assured him that she did not care for him in that way, and, too, in answer to his query, that she loved no one else, that he might win by waiting.

"I may, I will write you a letter, which shall reach you Christmas morning—four months from to-day—and will you telegraph me if you have changed. Till then, little sweetheart, we are the best of friends, are we not?"

He held out his hand, she yielded hers to its grasp, and a sweet sense of his protective interest charmed her, while she gave him no other allegiance than that claimed in the name of friendship.

Since then Emma had seen her handsome lover very seldom, and his absence piqued her a little, while it showed her very clearly that she did care for him.

Mr. Laurison knew the history of that afternoon, for honest Will Craig had told him of his love for Emma, receiving from the parent a promise that nothing should be done to in any way influence her, wishing her to choose his wife, if she did, of her own sweet will, and only because she loved him.

Poor little lonely heart; it learned all the sad, sweet story of love in those four long months; it had waited so impatiently for the Christmas letter which never came.

II.

A large city is throbbing with the gaiety and festive life of its people. The homehearths have gathered their near and dear, yet some are homeless; some are lonely; some are sad.

In a fire lit room, a man sits in a large chair. The house is very still, and the sudden ringing of the bell causes him to sit up and listen. A tap sounds on the door. He rushes to it; takes the telegram the servant hands him, and reads:

"Business satisfactory; home to-morrow.

"GRACE."

With an exclamation of chargin he tosses it into the grate, pushes his chair a little in the shadow, and re-seats himself.

Will Craig is in no mood to think of business to-night. Yesterday he had mailed a letter to Emma Laurison. It contained a renewal of his proposal, and he had asked her if she could answer yes to telegraph him, and he would come out at once. No word had come. He had remained in all day, for he felt sure she cared for him now. He had watched her; he had waited; he had checked the tender words which had clamored in his heart for utterance, rewarding himself with the thought that a woman's "yes" would come to him on Christmas Day, in place of the girl's "no," which was the utterance of an untried heart last summer.

Poor fellow! his Christmas Day was spoiled. He had waited so patiently, loved so long, that it was a hard task to submit to final defeat.

"I'll go away," he cried, springing up. "I'll travel and forget her, if I can."

In case there was any mistake, for fear she might not have received it, he determined to go out to her home to bid them all good-bye before he set out on his journey, which he had promised himself should be a long one.

Emma greeted him with evident constraint. She felt that she had cause for it, and he misunderstood the coldness.

Mrs. Laurison welcomed him warmly, and Mr. Laurison insisted upon his remaining until the late train.

"These letters must go west this evening, Mr. Laurison," replied Will, "I expected to post them in the city, and it will scarcely do to delay."

"Bother your letters, Craig, Mark shall post them for you. Emma, call Mark, there's a good girl."

Will was over-ruled, and decided to remain. When Mark entered the room he was alone, and he said to the boy, "It seems rather too bad to give you such a walk, Mark."

"Oh, that's all right," responded Emma's brother; "besides, I've carried your letters before. The one that came yesterday was a big one, and I always know yours by the envelope."

Then she had received the letter, no doubt about that, and she chose to quietly ignore it, as he said she might if she was not changed towards him. The evening passed, and Will stood in the hall bidding Mrs. Laurison good-bye; and as he approached Emma, Will intended to say only what courtesy required; but the look on her face, so indescribably, sorrowful, touched him, and, thinking she was grieving at the pain she had caused by a second refusal, his manly nature prompted him to say, "Let us always be friends, Emma."

A few minutes later Mr. Laurison and his guest were speeding to the railway station.

The young girl felt indignant at Will's parting words. He evidently wished her to know his love was dead, for he had asked for her friendship "Let us always be friends, Emma." The words claimed her attention very often.

III.

December passed. The New Year came. The spring, the summer, the autumn were born, lived their short lives and died; and again in their march along the hard-paved road of time the restless world had reached another Christmas tide.

To the Laurison's the year brought few changes. Emma was unhappy; but, too true a woman to openly deplore a love unreturned, she suffered silently.

Will Craig had left his home in January. He had traveled continuously in the American States; in the Old World, and Canada, and now he was once more in his old home.

Again Emma Laurison threw back the curtains, and looked out at the new-born Christmas Day. It was snowing and the large flakes narrowed her vision, while a host of unbidden memories trooping through her brain caused her to turn away from the window with a short sigh of pain. Again the family waited for Mark. Again he rushed in and gave his father the bag. "See, father," he said "I took Emma's bag again. It's been hanging on the very nail I put it on ever since last Christmas."

The mail was distributed by Mr. Laurison, with a mock official manner, and Baby Dora, standing at his knee, thrust one dimpled hand into the pocket which long ago carried slate pencils and pens, calling out, "Here's anozer, father; you fordot to look in dere."

"It's for Emma," he said, bending to read the address. "Take it to her, baby."

The little girl obediently trolled over to her sister and laid it on her lap.

Emma started; the color rushed into her face; she broke the seal, commenced to read, looked above at the date, dropped the letter to examine the envelope, and cried out, "Oh, father, this letter is dated December of last year, where did it come from?"

"Dora took it from the pocket," replied Mr. Laurison, examining the bag. "It must—it must have been there all year. Mark," to the lad who now came in, "did you put a letter in this pocket? Dora found one here for Emma, and it is a year old."

Mark looked dazed—bewildered. He took up the envelope, and cried out, "That came last Christmas; I remember taking it out of the box. It must have slid in there, and stayed all year."

Emma was reading it now. Suddenly she started up with, "I want to send a telegram to the office; will you take it for me after breakfast, Mark?"

"Yes, I'll go," replied the boy, readily, anxious to atone for the accidental hiding of Emma's letter. No need for Emma to feign gladness this Christmas morning, and it was with joy-trembled fingers she wrote the telegram, which was worded thus:

"Letter written last year just received. Come, if you will. "EMMA LAURISON."

"A telegram, Mr. Craig." Listlessly Will took the folded missive from the servant's hand; mechanically he tore it open; but, ah—Could he believe it? Was it all a mistake; was he not dreaming?

"Just received;" what did it mean?

The reason was plain at any rate, and in half an hour's time the most bewildered, happiest man in the State was being whirled through falling flakes to the little country town.

Emma met him; blushingly happy.

The gulf of estrangement was bridged, and the happiness of mutual love made that Christmas day one to be long remembered.

The next Christmas day there is a little company in the Laurison's drawing-room. In their midst stands a daintily-attired bride and a proudly happy husband.

Soon good-byes are said, and as they whirl through the winter night, we bend to wish them many merry Christmas days.—*Frances Burton Clare, in Godey's Lady's Book.*

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His Time Had Come.

"Is there a man in all this audience," fiercely exclaimed a female lecturer, "that has ever done anything to lighten the burden resting on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work?

"Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms, and looking over her audience with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, worn-out wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quietly down stairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps, swept the kitchen, and done all this, if necessary, day after day uncomplainingly? If there is such a man in this audience, let him rise up! I should like to see him!"

And in the rear of the hall a mild-looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first time he had ever had a chance to assert himself.

The Original Dude.

The custom of wearing a single eye-glass dates from long before the Christian era. Among its ancient and illustrious devotees, was the Emperor Nero.

"Being short-sighted," says Renan, on p. 172 of his Anti-Christ, "he was in the habit, when watching the gladiatorial fight, of wearing screwed up in his eye, a concave emerald, in lieu of an eye-glass."

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The Night Before Christmas

I don't expect ter git nothin' in it, gents; but I jest hang it up becuss I think it's de proper thing ter encourage and keep up dese old and time-honored customs.—*Puck.*

Boils and Carbuncles

Carbuncles result from a debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood. They are a source of great suffering, and are liable to appear in large numbers, unless overcome by the use of some powerful alterative. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures these painful tumors, and also prevents them, by removing their cause.

One year ago I suffered from Boils and Carbuncles, and for nearly two months was unable to work. I was entirely

Cured By

taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. —Lennier T. McDonald, Soley street, Charlestown, Mass.

For some time past, until recently, my blood was in a disordered condition. I was covered from head to foot with small, and very irritating, blotches. After using three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I am entirely cured.—C. Coplen, Camden, N. J.

I suffered with Boils every spring, for years, until I began taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

A few bottles of this medicine effected a permanent cure.—E. P. Lund, Portsmouth, Va.

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For years I was afflicted with Carbuncles on the back of my neck. They were a source of much suffering. I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which cured the Carbuncles, and has since kept me entirely free from them; my appetite has improved, and I am in better health than ever before.—O. Snell, Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. By

Taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla I was cured. I consider this medicine the best blood purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

I had numbers of Carbuncles on my neck and back, with swellings in my armpits, and suffered greatly. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine restored me to health.—Selby Carter, Nashville, Tenn.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

OL. IV] TORONTO, DEC. 27, 1890. [No. 5

Success of Our Christmas Number.

The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT having gone to great expense to provide a handsome Christmas Number, it is gratifying to them as well as to the friends of the paper that the most signal success has crowned the effort. The first edition of SATURDAY NIGHT CHRISTMAS was exhausted a few days after publication, and the second, which only appeared on Tuesday, was bought out and out by the Toronto News Company.

In spite of every reasonable effort being made to meet the demand, the supply has fallen far short. This must be our apology to those whose orders are unfulfilled. Our most difficult task will be the returning of the single subscriptions to the senders. Our friends we hope will accept this intimation that we have not now and will not have any more of this year's Christmas Numbers, and that no matter how pressing the letters may be we cannot fill any further orders. Thanking the appreciative public who have dealt so kindly with our holiday issue, we can promise them next year that increased efforts will be made to provide a still more attractive and entertaining Christmas edition. No advertising or puffing has been done, not even a paid mention of our intention to issue a Christmas Number was made, and its success has been the result of its merits. We intend to pursue this conservative policy in the future. If SATURDAY NIGHT has not enough friends already made to buy up an edition of the paper, it would be a poor record after three years of continuous effort to publish what is admittedly the best five cent weekly newspaper in the world. This latter is a large assertion, but it is a compliment that has been paid to us by good judges in New York and London—men who know what is being done by publishers in the centers where the most strenuous efforts are made to capture readers, and where unlimited capital is employed.

In this holiday season, when good wishes are in order, we present to our advertisers and readers the compliments of the time, and hope that long life, happiness and prosperity shall be the lot of each one. It is the rule in this office not to utilize our columns to puff ourselves, but as each reader, it is to be hoped, is a friend of the paper, it may be permissible for us to say to them that the year which is just about to close with all its drawbacks, the immense amount of sickness and commercial misfortunes which have marked it, has been but a repetition of the previous years in which SATURDAY NIGHT was so successful, and that we shall begin 1891 with renewed energy and a determination to enlarge and improve the paper, to be faithful and honest in its expressions of opinion, and to make these columns the vehicle for nothing but just criticism and a proper effort to amuse and instruct.

Music.

The great event of musical importance which comes up for mention this week is the first concert of the Haslam Vocal Society. As the gathering of a large audience it was a signal success, nearly every seat in the Pavilion being occupied. Naturally there was considerable curiosity to see and hear a new chorus which claimed to be an old one, and equally naturally comparisons were on all sides asked and given. The general consensus of opinion was that Mr. Haslam might be proud of the adherence of those members of the older society who cast in their lots with him, as well as of the new material which has assisted to provide him with an efficient chorus of over one hundred singers.

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The love for the old name and its ægis found silent but clever illustration in the arrangement of the singers on the stage. The gentlemen were placed so as to form a T, while the body formed by the altos, with their colored sashes, showed the converging lines of a V. The singing of the chorus was of very uneven excellence, due probably to the different degree of study given to each piece. No choral force in Toronto has ever given a more magnificent rendering of an unaccompanied chorus than that of By Babylon's Wave, at this concert. Attack, accentuation, phrasing, tone-quality and decision—all were of such excellence that a slight falling in pitch may well be overlooked. Of almost equal excellence was the rendition of Smart's Lullaby, although it was the first piece on the programme, when both conducter and chorus might well be nervous and uncertain. I was glad to see that in this number Mr. Haslam departed from his former rule of strict tempo, and introduced some elegances of phrasing.

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These two numbers were decidedly the best of the society's work. Of its other pieces Henry Leslie's Golden Year was the most pretentious. It received a careful and conscientious rendering, extremely creditable when its general difficulty and frequent changes of key are considered, but it lacked the spontaneity of delivery which was so laudable a characteristic of the Gounod number. Its beauty would well justify its repetition at the society's next concert, when the additional rehearsal would enable the chorus to sing it like a masterpiece. My All Thou Art is a clever five-part song, but its performance was very deficient in phrasing and accentuation, and the piece grouped with it, Mrs. Blackstock's A Summer Night, was very negligently sung, being evidently insufficiently rehearsed.

The ladies' voices of the society sang a very effective transcription of Sullivan's Host Chord, which met with such applause that it had to be repeated. The shading in this piece was good and well graduated, and some fine effects were produced, but the general excellence was marred by a diminuendo on the last note, which nullified the climax. The introduction of the Toronto Madrigal Boys into two pieces was not an artistic success. The lads sang well enough in a way, with good intonation and fair precision, but their voices lacked sweetness and clearness of tone, and were not up to the artistic standard of the society itself. The Estudiantina is a clever, lightsome arrangement and was well sung, though a greater speed would have improved it very much. Generally considered, the chorus is as efficient as any Mr. Haslam has put before the public, the tenors have a beautiful tone; the basses have a round full though not strong quality, the altos are rich and strong in volume, but the soprano lack clearness and unison. The chief fault in the society's singing is the lack of phrasing, which is probably due to the fact that nine heavy pieces were rehearsed in the short space of two months. In Estudiantina this fault would be much amended if the conductor would beat one in a measure instead of three.

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Miss Margaret H. Elliott of New York, who sang the soprano solos, had the disadvantage of singing in rather high keys. She has an agreeable presence and manner, and has evidently enjoyed efficient training. Her singing of Les Deux Avares and the Romeo et Juliette Waltz was very finished in style, but her rendition of two ballads by Hope Temple was much more pleasing. Mr. W. J. Lavin, who replaced Mr. Francis Fischer Powers, who was absent through illness, sang delightfully. His voice is very sweet, and though light in quality is very well managed. He was encored for both appearances, and gave an especially fine rendering of Schubert's Serenade, next to which I liked his singing of Colyn's Thou Art Not Near Me best. Mr. Percy W. Mitchell was the instrumentalist of the evening, and was disappointing. He played Vieuxtemps Fantasia Appassionata, a Chopin Nocturne, and a Polonaise by Wieniawski. He was rather overweighted by his selections, his technical ability being insufficient to give these pieces proper interpretation. His tone is sweet and light, but with little variety of coloring. Phrasing is almost an absent quality, as are volume and style. His bowing is awkward and his position lacks repose, ungraceful contortions being too frequent.

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An excellent combination, and a decided improvement upon the Scottish concert companies who have lately invaded us, was the Royal Edinburgh Concert Company, which gave three concerts last week at the Auditorium. Their part singing was excellent and the soloists were very capable. The soprano, Miss Alice Steel, has a very sweet voice of good volume and compass and sings with excellent taste. Miss Edith Ross is a stately woman with a stately contralto voice, full of warmth and expression. Mr. Alexander Finlayson, the tenor of the company, is a lyric tenor of experience and sings songs like Bird of the Wilderness inimitably, while Mr. James Fleming has a fine resonant basso cantanto voice and sings in very fair style. The Scotch airs rendered by this company were all sung with great expression and in a manner that enabled even the non-Scot to see that a reputable tradition was being followed. Similar excellence distinguished the performances of Mr. Jules Guitton, the violinist, and of Mr. Charles F. Ferguson, the humorist of the party. But the crown of laurels fell upon the brow of Mr. William MacLennan, whose dancing was graceful in the extreme.

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The first concert of Mr. Torrington's Orchestra is announced for Thursday, January 15. The proceeds of this and a future concert will be given to the Library fund of the University.

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The following Thursday will see the first concert this season of the Toronto Vocal Society, under the direction of Mr. W. Edgar Buck. As may be supposed, the society will put its best foot forward on this occasion, and is preparing a fine programme of choral music, to be sung by one hundred and fifty voices. Miss Adele Aus der One has been engaged and will play, among other numbers, the Grand Polonaise in E flat by Liszt. The vocalist will be Mrs. Julie E. Wyman of the Boston symphony concerts.

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Owing to the resignation of Mr. Percy W. Mitchell, St. Peter's church choir is now being trained by Mr. Edgar R. Doward.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

It did not seem to me that the Corsican Brothers made a favorable impression on the large audience that gathered at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening to see Mr. Robert Mantell in this play. Mr. Mantell was himself received with a right royal acclaim, a tribute to the popularity which his forceful and conscientious work has gained for him here. But the play did not arouse great enthusiasm, except in one or two scenes. Before and between those scenes there is a lack of interest which causes the play to go heavily. I confess that I cannot see any great strength in this play. The idea is ingenious and rather interesting from a psychical point of view. The transmission of thought from one person to another at a distance is a subject which has often occupied the attention of mental philosophers. When to this is added the story of the separation of the twin brothers by the use of the scalpel and the signing of the bond by their ancestors with blood it lends it a romantic though somewhat improbable interest. The great objection to this play, in my estimation, is that it is too much of a romance to be real and too real to be a fairy story. There are no characters in it. What characterization is there in Louis and Fabian Dei Franchi? There is nothing brought out but that they are both good fellows and both in such perfect psychical unison that an injury to one is felt by the other, a depression of spirits in one strikes a sympathetic chord in the bosom of the other, though miles away. Then the supernatural element is induced through the signing of the bond in blood by the ancestors of these twins. The result of this is that, when one of the family dies, his spirit appears to the other. On these supernatural and freakish elements the interest of the play rests. Outside of Louis and Fabian de Franchi the other characters are the merest sketches. Is not the object of the play "to hold a mirror up to nature?" The Corsican Brothers is a play that is extremely theatrical. Its theme is not nature, but a freak of nature. Its action is interrupted by tableaux, than which nothing is more stagey, and its dreary semi-supernatural solemnity has no light to give it effect. True it is a tragedy, and one does not expect hilarity in a tragedy. The question arises, "What is necessary to make a tragedy successful?" What but character! Mr. Mantell will doubtless play Hamlet here this week—I am writing this on Tuesday. What would Hamlet amount to, with all its poisonings and its mortality, were it not for the superb character wrought out in the melancholy Dane or the gentle Ophelia! The world of to-day does not care enough for slaughter to applaud it for its own sake. Even the mimic slaughter of the stage, unless it is the logical outcome of a certain character placed in a certain combination of circumstances, is not easily tolerated. The tragedy of The Corsican Brothers is not without its cause, but I do not think it has enough matter built around it to make it a complete and well-rounded play. It has been before the public a long time and has had a number of revivals by players of much note. That such has been the case indicates that it has much merit, but it is a merit which time will not sustain. The fact that it is theatrical will favor it in the estimation of many, and it has excellent points which appeal to an artistic sense, but that it is as good a play as many productions of a recent date I fail to see.

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Mr. Mantell brought out the romantic side of the principal characters—the dual *role* of the twin brothers—with his usual graceful strength. Mr. Mark Price made a successful villain as M. Chatteau Renaud. The other principal parts, all of them light, were acceptably taken. Miss Minnie Monk was only fairly good as Madame Dei Franchi. Miss Charlotte Behrens played Emilie De Lesparre with her accustomed grace. I may have something to say of the rest of Mr. Mantell's repertoire next week.

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M. Francisque Sarcey, the chief critic of the acted drama in France, says that "Melodrama may be defined as illogical tragedy in which causes and effects are systematically disproportionate and the hero is the plaything of special providences." If this applies to melodrama, what extra special providences must be brought to bear upon the hero or heroine in a play which is billed as a Cyclone Comedy Sensation. On the whole, however, the various climaxes in The Hearts of New York (a play that smacks somewhat of the Bowery) are not unnaturally reached. A real police patrol wagon, the first genuine production of the kind, is driven on the stage, a panoramic view of the metropolis by moonlight, as seen from a roof-top, a very effective piece of stage setting, is shown. A tenement on fire, and an heroic rescue by firemen are all vividly portrayed in turn; the intervals being filled in with songs and the necessary workings out of the plot, which in the end, after the manner of the true drama, rewards virtue and handcuffs the gentlemanly villain. Mr. William E. Hines was very happy as Freckles and reminded many present of that master of Irish comedy, Joe Murphy, while Miss Earle Remington in the roles of Pinky, a waif, and Clara Milbourne, the loving daughter, ably supported him. As the "preservor of the peace," and more especially as Mrs. Kitty O'Reardon, Mr. James Quinn won a genuine and deserved success. The rest of the characters were well sustained. The Academy was very tastefully decorated for Christmas and looked prettier than ever, for which much praise is due Mr. Greene.

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One of the most successful plays of modern production is running this week at Jacobs & Sparrow's. That is Paul Kauvar. For the past three years it has been played with great success through the United States and Canada. As I reviewed it at length when it was played at the Grand Opera House last season, with Joseph Haworth in the title role, it is unnecessary to re-write what I then wrote. As about every one knows it is one of the many plays founded on the French revolution, and it is also one of the best. Mr. Eugene Robinson's company, playing at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week, is headed by Mr. William Aveling, who has very successfully stepped into Mr. Haworth's shoes. He, at all events, does not overdo his part, which is a commendable feature. Miss Clara Louise Thompson plays the part of Diane de Beaumont with considerable success. A number of the company who played here last winter are with this company. Mr. Robert Drouet still plays General Delaroche with much spirit. The rest of the cast play their parts creditably, and the mob is well handled.

Art and Artists.

A new departure was made by the Art Students' League on Friday of last week, when the first of a series of meetings was held for reading papers on and discussing art subjects. The initial paper was read by Mr. W. Thomson, president of the League. The subject was Art Education, which was treated by the speaker with particular reference to the local situation in Toronto. He condemned most emphatically the shoddy work with which Toronto has long been suffering, and the doubtings of the novices who has learned painting enough to spoil canvas and then goes around with an inflated cranium, the result of the flattery of injudicious friends. Mr. Thomson pointed out the difference between Canada and Australia in the matter of art, much to Canada's disadvantage. A good point was scored by him in reference to the erection and decoration of school and public buildings and private residences. These, he contended, were often a disgrace to our country. He outlined his idea of how a successful Art School should be conducted. His remarks were confined chiefly to industrial art, leaving picture painting and the higher arts for another paper. Mr. Thomson's paper was not of a nature to provoke much discussion, as there were few points to which exception could be taken. Several gentlemen spoke after Mr. Thomson, but rather in a line with the paper read than adversely. Mr. Bernard McEvoy of the *Mail* commended Mr. Thomson's paper, but took slight exception to its very practical character. Mr. George S. Curry, representing the Architectural Sketch Club, enlarged in an interesting manner on the architectural points touched by Mr. Thomson. Messrs. W. A. Sherwood and S. Jones heartily endorsed the stand taken by the essayist. The League is to be congratulated on this new feature, which promises to be of great importance, both technically and socially. It was announced that Mr. William Cruikshank would read the next paper. Mr. Cruikshank has long been a warm adherent of the League and is well qualified to give the students points, both entertaining and instructive.

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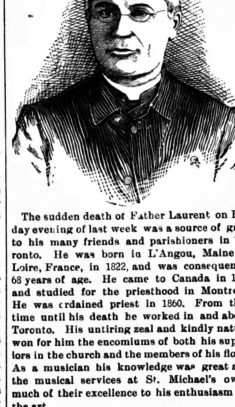
The Canadian Institute seems to be having an art revival. Last Saturday evening Mr. Fred A. T. Dunbar read a thoughtful paper before that society on Sculpture, and at the next meeting, on January 10, Mr. W. A. Sherwood will speak on Color in Nature in Relation to Drapery.

The Late Vicar-General Laurent.



The sudden death of Father Laurent on Friday evening of last week was a source of grief to his many friends and parishioners in Toronto. He was born in L'Angou, Maine et Loire, France, in 1822, and was consequently 68 years of age. He came to Canada in 1856 and studied for the priesthood in Montreal. He was ordained priest in 1860. From that time until his death he worked in and about Toronto. His untiring zeal and kindly nature won for him the encomiums of both his superiors in the church and the members of his flock. As a musician his knowledge was great and the musical services at St. Michael's owed much of their excellence to his enthusiasm for the art.

She Wrote a Little.

Nothing gives the average editor such a thrill of keen delight as to meet these modest, unassuming persons who simply "write a little" themselves.

The delight is intensified if these Eliots and Thackerays in embryo impart this information in low-voiced confidence, with the further information that they "wouldn't have it known for all the world." In most cases the editor feels quite safe in promising them that the general public will never know anything about it. He wishes that he might be as ignorant of this knowledge as the general public.

My friend Blank is such an editor. He is one of that blunt, straight-forward sort of men, much given to telling the truth, and abhorring anything that savors of "beating around the bush." He is a terror to these persons who "write a little," and who beg him to tell them "the exact truth" about their productions.

I sat behind a screen in his office the other day, when there came a timid little knock on the door, and Blank roared out: "Come in!" in a voice that cracked the plastering. A timid, girlish, little thing of forty-four or forty-five years fluttered in.

"Is this Mr. Blank?" she asked.

"Yes'm!"

"Yes! I'm so glad to know you, Mr. Blank. I have long been a subscriber to your paper, and really don't know how I could get along without it. And I think your pieces are just splendid. How I envy you writers! And I—I know it's dreadful bold in me to try, even; but, then, I write a little myself, sometimes."

"Do, eh?"

"Oh, yes; just a very, very little bit. It is all so crude and poor that I hardly dare show it to anybody. Really, it is too foolish in me to try, even; but, somehow, I just can't help it! It just seems to me that I must write. I'd give worlds if I could write as you do. Would you be willing to tell me exactly what you think of some of my poor little scribblings, my brain children, as I love to call them?"

"Got 'em with you?"

"Yes; just one or two foolish, little fancies that I dashed off in an idle hour. I know just how crude and poor they are."

"Let me see them."

"You'll tell me exactly what you think?"

"Exactly."

"Thanks; it is best that I know the truth."

Blank reads the "foolish little fancies." I prep out and see a triumphant smile on the author's face. Blank hands back the verses.

"Aren't they too wonderfully awfully bad?"

"They're pretty bad."

"Sir!"

"It is the exact truth."

"Sir!"

"There is no poetry in them."

"Sir, you shall answer for this!"

"You begged me to tell you the truth."

"I did not beg you to vent your petty jealousy and spleen over verses of which you are manifestly jealous. I pity you! I supposed, sir, that you were incapable of such envy and malice, and that you were always ready to do honor to real talent. But I see I am mistaken. Remember, sir, that the verses were not offered for sale. Indeed, they are not for sale to such a paper as this. I bid you adieu, sir!"

"The woods are full of 'em," says Blank, sententiously, as the door bangs behind the woman who "wrote a little."—*Puck.*

His Mistake.

There is a story told of a young physician of this city (says the Washington *Post*) who was at one time connected with the Emergency Hospital. It has caused many a smile at his expense. He had not been long stationed at the hospital when a woman was brought in suffering from a severe scalp wound. The blood was welling out in great jets and was fast dyeing her golden curls a rusty red, and the doctor was engaged in hastily clipping her hair, when his patient exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, don't!" Thinking he might have hurt her, he said: "Oh, never mind; that's all right." "No, it's nor," responded the lady, with some warmth, "for you are cutting my wig." And so he was.

Double Dealing.

She has two eyes that twinkle so,
One never can resist them;
Two cheeks, both red and white, you know,
Two lips, and I have kissed them!
Two tiny feet, surpassing art,
Two white hands, soft and supple;
And yesterday she stole my heart—
To make another couple.

Distant Faces.

For Saturday Night.

Distance shall not always sever,
Absence shall not always be,
Shadows shall not veil forever
Faces that I long to see.

Fling they not across my pathway
Rays of beauty like the dawn,
Shining like a golden archway
Over torrent, crag and thorn?

Lead they not, like starry clusters,
Back my footsteps to the way,
When adverse and stormy blusters
Beat me o'er the wilds astray?

Woo they not, with visions cheery,
Struggler up the rugged steep,
When with heart forlorn, limbs weary,
Clings he, wretched, worn and weak?

Speed they not, through tempests stealing,
To illume his slumbers lone,
When around his shatter'd shieling
Bleak blasts bellow, sigh and moan?

Shine they not like golden treasure
Deeper in memory's glowing stream,
Burnishing its depths forever
With a never-fading gleam?

What reward, save line and wrinkle,
Reap they then, those faces fair;
What bright crown, save snow white sprinkle,
Wear they then, those locks of hair?

None! and still those wounds are bleeding
Ruby drops of love, which shine
All along the pathway leading
To their distant smiles divine.

O ye dear, dear, distant faces
Guide until my wand'rings cease,
And ye fold in your embraces
Me to my eternal peace!

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Triolet.

For Saturday Night.

Love has such a lot to say,
Christmas says it in a word;
Half a minute, half in play,
Love has such a lot to say
Sorrow sets a holiday
Comforted with all she heard.
Love has such a lot to say,
Christmas says it in a word.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

Each Smile is Sunshine.

Do I love you? I only know
Your presence fills my heart with sweet content;
That in your absence hours lag so
Like childish feet toward the schoolhouse bent.

That with your coming life seems fraught,
With all the springtime joyousness of May,
Whose gladness leaves the truth untaught—
Each year holds back a dark December day.

I only know that when we meet
We seem to be from all the world apart;
The joy I feel is so complete
My life explores no further than your heart.

It is content within our eyes
To find the rest it hungered for so long;
To find that land beneath whose skies
Each smile is sunshine and each laugh a song.

Were we to part? There is a vine
Which, finding daily nourishment and food
In trees round which its tendrils twine,
Knows death when parted from their barky wood.

—*N. Y. Mercury.*

A Div-Arsity.

My song is sentimental,
And so it ought to be;
It is a ditty Lental
About some two or three
Young men to church who went all,
A maiden for to see.

Each went alone to see her,
Unto himself, said he:
"To home I'll escort be her,
And so you all shall see."
He knew not of the others
That lay in wait for she.

Hence comes our bitter ending,
Our sad catastrophe;
I would that I could paint it,
It may not, cannot be;
It's far too wearing on the mind,
This kind of poetry. —*The 'Varsity.*

Japanese Lullaby.

Sleep little pigeon, and fold your wings,
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother bird swinging,
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling,
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,
Little golden moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping,
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning,
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, fold your wings,
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing? See, I am swinging,
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

EUGENE FIELD.

He Got Even.

An officer of very small stature, but very hasty temper, was one day vehemently scolding at the first soldier of his company, a man of uncommon size. The soldier for some time endured patiently, and even unconcernedly, the storm of vituperation rising up to him from his diminutive chief. Finding, however, that instead of abating, the raze of his officer went on increasing, he quietly said to the next man: "John, go and fetch a stool; I believe he wants to give me a box on the ear."

Noted People.

Whatever may be said of Miss Susan B. Anthony, she can not at least be charged with vanity. She is now sitting to a Boston artist for her first portrait. There are few women equally conspicuous who have not sought to preserve their charms for an admiring posterity by the help of friendly art.

Bernstein is said to be literally dying of melancholy. He professes most profound disdain and disgust for life. Latterly some one was speaking to him of a proj cted journey to the United States; he answered pettishly that he should neither go next year nor the year after that. When the time comes, I shall probably be dead," he said.

Mrs. Elizabeth B Custer, widow of General Custer, is in appearance a slender little woman, delicate to fragility, who looks as if she could not have endured for a day the life of privation and hardship which she chose to share with her gallant husband for years. Her face is full of expression, and her manners have a Southern warmth and softness. She dresses with much elegance, though always in black.

Brigham Young, who is a son of the great Mormon Apostle, has been lately conducting a Mormon crusade in Scotland along with fifteen lay elders from Utah. Young Brigham is a fat, fair haired, double-chinned, grey-mustached gentleman, about fifty years of age, with a strong nasal twang, and a massive gold watch-chain. The elders are illiterate and indifferent speakers, but Brigham has a flowing gift of the gab."

Haldon Chambers, the author of The Idler, is one of the three notable men in London who carry a license to drive a hansom cab. Toole is another, and Whistler a third. Chambers's frequent night occupation is to take a hansom put the cabby inside, and drive home. Sometimes Chambers drives his friends home from the club. Very often he, Toole and Irving have indulged in this strange midnight diversion, the cabby of necessity being a passenger.

U. S. Senator Evarts said recently: "When I left college, in 1837, I was very favorably impressed with the life of a farmer. In fact, throughout all my life I have had a passion for farming, and I now own two large farms—one in Vermont of one thousand acres, and one in Maryland, on the Potomac, of about the same number of acres. But when at the time I speak of I tried to lift a barrel of apples into a waggon as a test of my physical strength and found that I was not equal to the task, I turned my attention to the law, which I have followed for over fifty years with more or less success. I think now that if I was standing where I was fifty-three years ago, and journalism was what it now is, I should choose as the business of my life that of a journalist. I can see in it greater possibilities than are embraced in other professions."

Harper's Bazar says: At the funeral of Lady Rosebery, Berkeley Square, where the earl's town house stands, was so crowded with people who did not attempt to enter, but who had come merely to stand out-of-doors on a raw November morning to show their respect, that all traffic was stopped, and the police had to keep out new comers. The Queen, represented by Sir Henry Ponsonby, sent a wreath inscribed, "A mark of sincere regard from Victoria, R. I." Four hundred other wreaths, crosses and bunches of flowers were received. Count Herbert Bismarck came from Berlin to be present. Men distinguished in literature, science, art, and politics filled the rooms, and Tory and Liberal forgot their differences for a brief hour beside the dead. Nor was it Lady Rosebery's rank or wealth, but the nobility of a nature to which no good cause ever appealed in vain, and which constantly and wisely befriended the poor and unfortunate, that drew together this vast concourse.

A charming fad was inaugurated in the person of Miss Adelina Patti Baird, the daughter of the immensely rich English iron-founder. This young lady, who enjoys the distinction of being Adelina Patti's god-daughter as well as namesake, has a string of unrivalled pearls, collected in the following manner: One of the first gifts of her babyhood was a number of fine unstrung pearls. To these, on every birthday and other anniversary, her parents and grandparents, and other relatives, added each an exquisite pearl. Besides this, they gave her some trifling present, calculated to please her, but her parents rightly considered it a waste of money to give her expensive and useless toys. Every year saw this matchless necklace increased. The diva herself, who lived in the next house to the Bairds at St. Petersburg, where the great Baird fortune was chiefly made, gave the little girl several rare transluscent gems. So, when she grew up and made her entrance into society, a year or two ago, Miss Baird was the happy possessor of a string of pearls that could be compared only to those that Disraeli represented Lothair to have given to Theodora.

The Empress of Austria chose, it is averred, to make her yachting journey as plain "Mrs. Nicholson," chiefly because she would have found in each European sovereign a relative by blood or marriage, and would have been compelled to submit in her visits to the etiquette of relationship had she borne her proper title. The German race may be said to hold a lien on every crown in Europe. The Czar is grandson of a Princess of Prussia, and son of a Princess of Hesse Darmstadt; Queen Victoria is more German than English, and all but one of her children have married Germans; the King of Greece is German, the Queen is German; King Humbert of Italy is Austrian on his mother's side, and Queen Margherita is the grand daughter of the King of Saxony; the King of Roumania is a Hohenzollern, and the Queen is a German Princess of Wied; the King of Portugal is a Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; the Queen-Regent of Spain is an Austrian Grand Duchess; the Queen-Regent of Holland is a German Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, sister to the German Duchess of Albany; the King of the Belgians is a German Duke, and the Queen an Austrian Grand Duchess; the Queen of Sweden is a Nassau; the King of Denmark a pure German—Schleswig-Holstein; the German Emperor and the Austrian Emperor are near relations, and if France had a throne, and the Comte de Paris sat on it as Philippe VIII., the German claim would hold through his German mother, a Princess of Mecklenburg.

Up a Tree.

A FAMILY Christmas-tree is an occasion of varying emotions, among which may be mentioned Joy, Envy, Pleasure, Jealousy, Fun, Grief, Hatred, Love. There may also be different varieties of these various emotions. For instance, Love may exist as Unrequited, Doubting.

Sally Leigh, old Mrs. Gunter's grand niece, always superintended the dressing and decking of the Gunter Family Christmas-tree, and this year she had selected to be her sole assistant, Joe Hallet, who was old man Gunter's first cousin, third remove.

She had selected him because she loved him; and as she knew he didn't care a rap for her, and was terribly bored by the whole business, she took a keen feminine delight in bossing him about, and in picturing to herself how nice it would be to boss him about all the time. She despised herself for this weakness, but didn't allow it to interfere with her enjoyment.

Joe was acting his part beautifully. He could not have been glummer and less communicative and more obedient if he had really been married—a long time. He did exactly as he was told, and occasional groans were all that betrayed his real feelings. These only gave an added zest to Sally's pleasure, and Revenge crept slyly into the catalogue of emotions already noted.

The only trouble was, Joe was so exceedingly docile that in a surprisingly short time the popcorn, ornaments, candles, cornucopias and the lighter presents had been properly placed amid the branches, and the heavier articles disposed about the base.

"That all?" sighed Joe.

"Oh, no!" cried Sally, cheerfully. "There are two presents missing."

"Which?" asked Joe, with little interest.

"Why, yours to me, and mine to you, to be sure."

"What—have you got a present for me?" asked Joe, with surprise.

"Oh, never mind," said Sally; "I won't embarrass you by giving it to you if you haven't one for me."

"It won't embarrass me in the least."

"Well, it ought to. There; don't worry. I was only joking—see, I haven't any present for you, after all."

"Yes, you have," said Joe, who was beginning to wake up a little; "you've got one for me upstairs."

"Haven't!"

"Have!"

"Haven't!"

"Not if I've got one for you?"

"Honestly?"

"Now I know you have. Gave yourself away that time!"

"Mean!"

"Go up and get it, like a good girl."

"I think you're horrid."

"Well, please."

"Will you have your present for me on the tree when I come down?"

"Yes. Cross my heart."

"On the tree?"

"On the tree."

"Remember—you've promised," and Joe was left alone.

He sat down on the box which supported the tree, took from his pocket a small but rather heavy package, placed it beside him, and continued to think.

You see, Joe had been thinking for some time, for several months, in fact for nearly two years; and more he thought, the less able he seemed to make up his mind. The difficulty was, he was thinking about Sally; and he was trying to find out if he loved her or not.

He had as yet arrived at no settled conclusion. Sometimes he was sure he loved her very much; and other times, he saw clearly that it was all a mistake, and that he loved some one else a great deal better—himself usually.

Then he used to think if she would only give him some sign of caring for him it would make everything much easier. But he knew that she wasn't the girl to give her affections where they had not been sought, and as he had hitherto carefully abstained from committing himself, he foresaw that after he had once declared his intentions, he would have a long fight and a long wait before he got her, if, indeed, he ever did.

Besides, he didn't know whether a man of his selfish nature was calculated to make such a woman happy. Even if he were so constituted, and he admitted that possibility, he could never be sure that he would be happy with her. That seemed a dreary prospect to behold at the end of a long, uphill courtship. Now, if she would give him the least inkling of how she would act if she did ever get to love him—

The door opened, and there she stood—a pretty picture, surely; but did he really—

Suddenly she started, and turned pale. Her eyes searching quickly over the tree told her that nothing had been placed there in her absence, but there was Joe—Joe sitting close among the branches!

It was only for an instant, then the blood rushed back to her face as she saw—oh, the shame of it!—how meanly her feelings had let her imagination play her false.

"I hate you!" Somehow her voice did not have the playful ring she meant to give it.

Joe looked up, shocked and rather pale. Her greeting came like a dash of ice water on top of his long think.

"What do you mean?"

"You haven't any present for me."

"Yes, I have."

"Where, then?"

"Why, here, right before your eyes. Can't you see?" Putting his hand on the box at his side.

Sally, looking straight in his eyes, saw only Joe. "But—you—said—you—would—put—it—on—the—tree."

"Yes; but it was slightly heavy to hang on the branches;" he could not help smiling at her earnestness.

"Yes, of course," her voice sounded very strangely. Joe noticed it. "But what is it?"

"Can't you see!" he asked, rising from his seat.

"Yes, yes, I see, I see; but what do you mean? You're fooling me; don't you see what a fool you're making of me?"

She seemed about to faint. Joe held out his arms toward her.

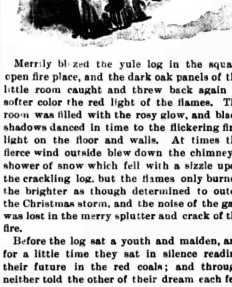
"No, I am not; I was never more earnest in my life—d—d—darling!"

"Then it's true! It's true! Joe," she whispered as his arms closed about her; "and you're my present after all. Joe, this is the best Christmas present I ever had in my life."

"It's not half so good as mine."

And there was only one kind of Love present at the Gunter Family Christmas tree, after all. —*Puck.*

The Legend of the Mistletoe.



Merrily blazed the yule log in the square open fire place, and the dark oak panels of the little room caught and threw back again in softer color the red light of the flames. The room was filled with the rosy glow, and black shadows danced in time to the flickering fire, light on the floor and walls. At times the fierce wind outside blew down the chimney a shower of snow which fell with a sizzle upon the crackling log, but the flames only burned the brighter as though determined to outdo the Christmas storm, and the noise of the gale was lost in the merry splutter and crack of the fire.

Before the log sat a youth and maiden, and for a little time they sat in silence reading their future in the red coals; and through neither told the other of their dream each felt that their futures were the same. Suddenly the young man turned toward the girl, "I bought a bit of mistletoe to-day," he said; "do you know the origin of its use? Shall I tell you the story?"

She looked at him dreamily. "Yes," she answered, her lips scarcely moving.

"And you will promise not to interrupt?"

"Y-yes," was the low reply.

He laid the green spray with its crimson berries upon her brown curls, and bending near her began:

"Baldur, the son of Odin, the old Norse god, was called the Good because of his kind and loving nature, and wherever he went among the gods or men he was received with the kiss of peace." The young man hesitated a moment, then he caught sight of the green spray that crowned the fair face of the girl and he was emboldened. "Like this," he whispered. He waited a moment and then seeing the brown eyes turned inquiringly toward him he continued. "But Baldur in his dreams was warned that his life was in peril, so he called the gods together and giving them the kiss of peace—the gods were numbered by the score," he explained, "and you promised not to interrupt. He told them of his fears and they resolved to do all in their power to prevent the calamity. Frigga, the wife of Odin, made all things on earth swear not to injure him, but she overlooked the mistletoe, which she thought too puny. She did not know its power as I do. All right, I'll continue. After this Baldur used to supply all the fun for the gods, who would throw all sorts of things at him and improve their aim because they knew he could not be harmed. And Baldur used to return a kiss for each blow, and if he got hit six times he would give six—like this. But Loki, that unpleasant fellow whom no one used to ever kiss (like this), learned that the mistletoe had taken no oath, so he got a little spray and sharpened it and then went to watch the fun. There was an old blind god called Hodur who couldn't hit Baldur because he couldn't see him, and Loki went up to him and whispered, 'Don't you want to hit Baldur and get a kiss?' (like this) and Hodur said 'Yep.' So Loki gave him the mistletoe and guided his throw and Baldur was pierced through and he fell dead and he couldn't kiss anybody any more, (like this) and everybody was stricken with sorrow. So after trying to get back his life they gave up the job and laid him on his ship, placed a spray of mistletoe over his head and all the Valkyrs, a lot of pretty girls who used to be messenger boys for the gods, came and kissed him. (like this—and this) and that is why on Christmas Eve anybody can kiss anybody else (like this) if they only have a spray of mistletoe over their head.

"What has Christmas Eve got to do with it?" asked the maiden, reaching up for the spray in her hair. As she said it she started. "Oh, Tom!" she cried, "these berries are red! How could you make such a mistake? All your time wasted and——"

The young man looked perplexed. How had he failed, he wondered? The results of mistletoe could not have been different. He was about to ask when the girl started to her feet and like a frightened spirit passed through the portieres. Was she displeased, and was this his dismissal? As he pondered thus a hand thrust aside the curtains and a face that was rosy as the glowing coals looked shyly through.

"Tom," she faltered, "you know that holly didn't count—holly never does. It wasn't fair, so—so—I've got a piece of real mistletoe . . . Now tell me all about Baldur."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Old Crowe (who owes a six months' liquor bill)—Fetch me a bumper.

Proprietor—Roscoe, bring in the goat.

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society

The debate on the proposed changes in the constitution which took place at the last regular meeting was quite an animated one. However, the only really important changes recommended were: 1st, that the hours for voting be from ten o'clock in the morning till six in the evening. 2nd. That the franchise and of course the privilege of membership be confined to members of the profession—*bona fide* residents in the City of Toronto.

Some measure such as the first mentioned is conceded by every one to be not only expedient but absolutely necessary for the well-being of the society; at the last election, which was without doubt the most memorable one in the history of the society, it was estimated that at least 150 members were not able to poll their votes, and consequently the society was just that number of dollars out, a matter of no small importance, as it relies on the election to supply the sinews of the war which is carried on during the ensuing year. The only suggestions that were offered were that the voting should commence at nine instead of ten so that barristers would be able to poll their votes on their way to their offices, and that the polls should not be closed till seven in order that the boys could be kept together so as to insure a good time in the evening, which is one of the principal charms of the election.

The second change suggested, which is one of a revolutionary nature, evoked some discussion of a decidedly sultry character, and several members had to be called to order for remarks bordering on personality. The advocates of the change argued that the occupancy of the presidential chair was becoming a mere matter of money, that whichever party was able to pay the expenses of the greatest number of outside voters from Hamilton, London, Kingston, Belleville and a score of smaller towns was almost certain to get into power, as the city vote as a rule is pretty equally divided; that this state of affairs was almost certain to continue as long as the constituency was so large, and that it was undignified and demoralizing that the highest position in the gift of the society should be at the mercy of the highest bidder; that it would be next to impossible in future to get good men to run on this account, for as a rule the best men for the position were by no means the wealthiest.

On the other hand their opponents argued that the measure was one which, if passed, might result in very serious consequences to the society, not only during the present generation, but in future years. That at present this society not only represented the city, but the whole of Ontario; that many of its members, both past and present, did not reside in the city, and that it would be manifestly unfair to throw them overboard; that its jurisdiction was intended to cover the same territory as its poor but honest parent, the Law Society of Ontario, and that it would be suicidal to curtail our extensive territory and reduce the far-reaching influence of the society by turning it into a hole-and-corner city of Toronto institution; and that an understanding might be arrived at prior to an election whereby both parties would agree not to pay the expenses of any outside voter, but that any who cared to pay their own expenses should be allowed to vote. The meeting decided, by the casting vote of the president, not to throw out the clause, but to allow it to be voted on finally on January 10, when it is hoped there will be a large attendance.

Individually I am of the opinion that the opponents of the clause have the soundest arguments. It seems a pity that the society should feel itself compelled thus to discount its future. If, instead of separating ourselves from the rest of the Province, we withdrew our presidential chair from the market and conducted our elections on a square basis, the necessity for the change proposed would promptly disappear. What we want are candidates who will agree to run on their merits and let the best man win. By all means let the rest of Ontario vote, but let the rest of Ontario pay their own expenses.

LEX.

The Lovers' Parting.

"It is for the last time," she whispered.

Dumbly eyes told eyes this was the truth. Always inevitable, it had come at last. After to-night there was to be no future in common. As yet neither had said the word that each is thinking of.

A little world to hold so much of pain. "To forget!" A short sentence to illustrate the impossible. "Not yet!" A prayer for reprieve. "The end!" A futureless hour which embraces past and present.

"The rose is dead," says he, as a shower of petals fall at his feet. Mechanically removing the broken stem from his button-hole, he added—"and—the word is said."

"It has been a most sweet chapter in our lives," she said with downcast eyes.

"I would not have missed it," replied he, though we may never add——"

"To be continued." And a tear stole softly over her cheek.

Each had lingered, loth to turn the last torn leaf. Soon nothing would be left of what had been all. Alas! that the books of men's lives should be written in the sand, and that the tides of the years leave not even a trace. A strange emptiness fills all the night. O her nights shall come ghost-haunted. Ghosts of inscrutable glances—of sweet replies to old immortal questionings.

She stands beside him, her lips quivering with agony, suffering for his sake. Her eyes are filled with pitying tears for two broken lives—their own. Alas! for the happy, foolish, fugitive hours they had owned in common. Alas! for the nights brimming with happy silences under the stars. The shaded lamp is burning out. The hour has come. Words are poor things.

"Did I bring my cane?" And his trembling hand reaches into a shadowy corner.

"Yes, here it is," replied she.

"Good night."

"Good night."

Each knows that it is a good-bye.

A caress. A sigh. A sob. The door closes. His rapid footsteps are speedily lost to her listening ear. Yes, it is over.

The darkness swallows him from sight. A murky flash. He is lighting his cigarette.

She slowly rearranges her ruffled bangs as she murmurs with a yawn—

"I wonder what time he'll come up to-morrow night!"

They have bid each other an eternal farewell before.

Started the Graveyard.

Out in the Erie coal fields near Burlington, Col., a few years ago a lean, freckle-face fellow, with high Spanish heels on his boots, walked into the Stone and Quartz saloon, at Burlington, and, leaning his long body on his bony arms on the bar, turned round to the half-dozen loiterers in the place, and with a drawl drew his lantern jaw down on his flannel shirt and said:

"How long has this yer camp been a runnin?"

"Two years," replied the bartender, without raising his eyes.

"Graveyard begun yit?"

"Not yet."

"Bout time the camp had one. S'pose I start one?"

One bony arm left the bar. It never reached it's owner's belt. There was a noise that sounded like a man dropping a log chain in an empty hardware store, and this noise was followed by a crash of exploding six shooters from the holsters. A curtain of white smoke rolled up against the ceiling. The man at the bar made a lurch and then fell upon the floor. Six bullets were in his body.

A graveyard was started in Burlington next morning. The lean man started it himself. Burlington is now wiped out, but high up on Boar Rib Butte is one grave. It is the only one the camp left.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

A Philosopher.

Mamma—If you eat any more of that pudding, Tommy, you'll see the Bogieman to-night.

Tommy (after a moment's thought)—Well, give me some more. I might as well settle my mind about that story right away!—*Puck.*

Too Clean a Sweep.

An elderly gentleman who knew something of law lived in an Irish village where no solicitor had ever penetrated, and was in the habit of arranging the disputes of his neighbors and making their wills. At an early hour one morning he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his gate, and, putting his head out of the window, he asked who was there.

"It's me, yer honor—Paddy Flaherty; I could not get a wink of sleep, thinking of the will I have made!"

"What's the matter with the will?" said the amateur lawyer.

"Matter, indeed!" replied Pat. "Shure I've not left myself a three-legged stool to sit upon!"

A Fatal Duel.

"It is awful. Henderson and de Pell fought a duel, and de Pell was dweadfu ly hurt—in fact he died."

"Did Henderson shoot him?"

"Oh, no. Poor Chollie died of fright, don't you know."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A Large Appetite.

Chappie (at Del's)—Waitah, you may bwing me a glass of watah and a toothpick. And mind you, waitah, hurwy up, for I am neahly famished.

Still Struggling With It.

Curious!—My book cannot be found in any public library, because in every case where it has been taken out it has never been returned.

Not so Curious—The people who have taken it out are probably trying to read it through—*Epoch.*

Prosaic.

"I dreamed of you last night," she said with a lingering glance.

"Did you, really?" he inquired eagerly.

"Yes; I always dream when I eat lobster and pie at night."—*Washington Post.*

Not a Professional Beauty.

First Bear—What's your hurry, Jim!
Second Bear—There's a couple of men coming over there!
First Bear—Have they got guns!
Second Bear—No; Kodaks.—*Puck.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER XX.

"FOUL PLAY!"

Foul play! Those had been Keith's words to Marjorie in the letter that had come to her as a beam of sunshine in the midst of darkest night.

All the neighborhood was ringing with the same cry; but when it was used by Keith, and when by the popular voice, the words meant something totally dissimilar. The more the young man thought over the occurrences of the tragedy, the more convinced did he become that it was not Cedric who had struck the blow which had caused Adams' death, even though he might have been in the cottage that night, even though he might have had some dispute with Mervyn there.

But whatever Keith might think or surmise, his lips were tied for the present to a fashion that was sufficiently exasperating; for the only two people who might be able to throw any light upon the subject were absolutely incapacitated from doing so.

The first of these was Mervyn, who lay in so critical a state that conversation was impossible, while any communication of an exciting nature was strictly prohibited.

Mr. Hunt's orders were severe. The viscount was for a long time to come to be kept in absolute ignorance of the events of the momentous night. He was not to hear of his servant's death, of the warrant against Cedric, or that any crime had been committed at all. He was much too weak to ask questions, or to seek to know anything about events when he had no notion that anything of a stirring character had occurred. He knew that some accident had befallen himself, but he had asked no questions. Indeed, the effort of speech was still so great that he avoided all unnecessary words.

Mervyn, though he had seldom been ill, had not much stamina about him, and he had been more out of health of late than he or others suspected. As a natural consequence this severe wound received had told heavily upon him, and though at no time was there a first hours was his life in immediate danger, yet extreme care had to be taken of him, and every kind of exertion or excitement avoided.

Keith, therefore, was quite deterred from making any inquiries of his brother or of imparting any confidences to him; and the other person whom he desired to cross-question—none other than Dinah Boyes—was lying raving in high fever, with the prospect of a mind greatly weakened and impaired even if she did recover her senses.

But though Keith was much handicapped by all this, he was in no whit daunted. He prosecuted his search with all imaginable zeal, and in course of time followed the general example and made a confidante of Patricia.

Patricia was at this time much at Eagle's Crag. It was very plain to all beholders that her visits to the viscount's bedside gave him pleasure, and that he looked for her and expected to see her from time to time. Her first entrance to the sick room was made by a kind of accident; but he seemed to miss her presence if she did not come, and as she was Mildred's greatest friend, and had known him since childhood, even Lady Barbara generally rather a martinet where etiquette and propriety were concerned, saw no reason why she should not go in for a few minutes at a time, to say a few cheerful words, or to take him some little delicacy which he had ordered and which he much less reluctant to swallow from her hands than from those of any other person.

In fine, she was too valuable an ally to be set aside, and Mr. Hunt sometimes said with a smile that she was the best tonic he could prescribe. His patient ate and slept better after he had had a visit from Miss Richmond.

Keith generally walked home with her when she returned to her home; her days were mainly spent with Mildred during this period of anxiety. One evening he followed her in, and was rather taken aback to discover, that Gerald was nowhere about, as what he wished to say was for the sister alone.

Patricia gave him his opportunity by asking:

"No news of Cedric, I suppose?"

"No; I do not expect any."

"You think he has escaped the country?"

"No; I think he is dead."

She started, and looked fixedly at him.

"You think?"

"Wait a moment, please," interrupted Keith. "Will you tell me first what you think about all this, and then I will unfold my version?"

Patricia looked into the fire very thoughtfully.

"I am more perplexed about it than I have ever been by anything before; but I do think that Cedric was there that night."

"So do I."

"And that he assaulted Mervyn in some way?"

"I am not sure of that, but it is possible."

"But I cannot believe that he killed the man."

"Nor I."

"And that is the puzzle; for it was Cedric's knife—I am sure of that, and both wounds were inflicted by it. Oh, Keith, I cannot bear to think about it. It is all so dreadful. I can see no light upon it at all. Do tell me what you think."

"I am going to do so; but mind, Patricia, this is all in confidence. I can do nothing till I can talk to Mervyn, and that may not be for weeks. But I have made some discoveries on my own account—hardly discoveries, perhaps; yet they form links in the chain. Some people would scoff at me, but I don't think you will."

"I am sure I shall not. I cannot bear to suspect Cedric. Do you mean that you think you can clear him?"

"I have hopes of being able, if not to prove, at least to set on foot a theory which will show that he may have been a victim, not a criminal."

"Oh, Keith. And you said just now you thought he was dead."

"Yes, and I think so still. Listen, and I will explain. First, I am going to beg the whole question, and ask you to listen to a purely imaginary story of my own. Do you object to that?"

"Not at all."

"You know that for long enough I have expected some kind of an attempt to be made upon Mervyn. I have heard more, perhaps, than anyone of the ill-feeling raised by his reforms in the minds of those who were deterred in their feeds, and of late this ill-feeling has been steadily gathering head, till some explosion was inevitable."

"You have you always said so."

"I did; I warned him, and others warned him too.

"We did, that very evening."

"Mervyn's indifference to physical danger, which has been one of his characteristics through life, made him easy to deal with. Some plot was laid by which he should be cajoled into the wood, and there set upon. But as these fellows could not well invite him themselves they got wind of an appointment with Cedric, and took advantage of that."

"But the letter—how could they know of it?"

"That is a puzzle—Indeed the letter is a great perplexity altogether, for so far as I know there was no real ill-feeling between them, though they have let the world think so. Cedric never would have written in that pompous way if he had thought that Mervyn alone would read the letter. He is rather given to using his careless ways, have desired to appear consistent, in case someone else should read it—or the thing may be a clear forgery, though that's a far fetched idea."

"But Cedric kept the appointment."

"Yes, and that's another puzzle—you know I haven't got my case clear yet. Another thing I can think of is that part of the scheme might be concocted at Musgrave Towers. You know they had a fellow in their pay stirring up strife. Cedric might have been worked upon to write the letter, just to lure Mervyn to the place. Of course he wouldn't be in the plot—and one can hardly believe he would be such a copy. The letter is a puzzle both ways I admit."

"Skip the letter, and go on."

"Well, Mervyn goes to the cottage with Adams—it seems as though he had a suspicion that a trap might be laid. He goes in, and the man waits outside. That is plain enough. But the presence of another witness discovers the lyers-in-wait who have planned the attack upon Mervyn—possibly when Cedric shall have gone; so Adams is quietly murdered while the other two are talking."

Patricia looked doubtful, but said nothing.

"Now as to what went on inside the cottage, I can't profess to say. I only do assert that Mervyn was not the only man there who was hurt.

"What makes you say that?"

"The quantity of blood that had been shed. If you had seen the place as I first saw it, you would not wonder at what I say. It was like a shambles. I don't want to terrify you, Patricia; but if Mervyn had lost all the blood that was soaking into that floor, he would have been a dead man before we reached him."

"You did not say so at the inquest."

"No; fact is, I was rather upset by it all, and I did not get full possession of my senses just at first. These ideas came gradually afterwards. Well, I will come back to that later, and tell you how I have pretty well proved now what at first was mere suspicion. Grant my point for a moment that Mervyn was not the only man injured, the next question is—who was the other victim?"

"One of the assailants?"

"Possibly; but I believe that it was Cedric. I believe that he and Mervyn were surprised while they were in the cottage together; that one was stunned and wounded, and left for dead, and that the other was carried away and stabbed, and his knife left as witness to the crime. They took advantage of his presence to shield themselves, and by a little ingenious contrivance managed to lay the guilt, in appearance at least, fasten upon him."

Patricia looked up quickly.

"It sounds just at the outset rather more improbable than the other. I don't know whether or not to say I hope you are right."

"If Cedric had been alive he would have come forward."

"That is what I feel."

"If he had been merely injured, we should have heard of it some way or another. I believe that he was taken and thrown into the sea at ebb tide, and that nothing more will ever be heard of him again."

"That is better than that he should suffer the extreme penalty of the law."

"True; but he would never do that. It was not his hand that struck down Adams, or wounded Mervyn; I am as certain of it as if I possessed the proofs."

"What set you thinking of all this?"

"I will tell you. You know I always had a taste for dabbling in science and all that kind of thing! Well, I don't know if you have observed lately how wan and white Mervyn has been looking?"

"I have."

"I had a sort of idea that he was getting anaemic—that there was something wrong with his blood, you know—and since I have had the chance of doing so, I have examined it carefully under the microscope, and have discovered that it is wanting in red particles, and differs from the ordinary blood of a perfectly healthy person. Now some of the blood that was spilled upon that night has none of this deficiency that I note in Mervyn's. I have had the curiosity to make several experiments, always with the same result. People seem laugh if they like; but there were two men wounded in that cottage."

"But why Cedric?"

"Because for one thing, Mervyn was unarmed; and Hunt and I both believe he was stunned by that blow on the head before he was wounded at all, so that he never could have had the knife in his hand at all; and though Cedric may have used it in self defence, he must have been killed if he only wounded, or he would have appeared to answer for himself. You think the argument inconclusive? So it is at present; but I mean to find the missing links in time. The fact that that girl was half killed the same night, proves that mischief was abroad on all hands. To talk as if Cedric pursued and knocked her down! It's a preposterous absurdity. Besides, he would have other flesh to fry if all they suppose was true."

"I thought of that myself. Oh, Keith, it is as you say—oh, I don't know which is most terrible! It is impossible to believe Cedric guilty; but to have him out of the way like that—and his memory stained for ever. It is too cruel."

Keith was standing looking down into the fire very intently.

"His memory shall not be stained for ever. I will take care of that."

"What can you do?"

"I must wait till I can talk to Mervyn, and till that girl recovers her senses. I am certain we shall get more light then."

"Do you suspect anyone?"

"My suspicions are too vague to be trusted; but I know there was a plot. If evidence against Cedric had not been so strong against him, that would have come out at the inquest. As it was, nothing was thought of but the knife and its guise, and all that, and he was condemned on circumstantial evidence."

"Where are the men who were plotting against him?"

"Some are still here; but one or two fellows who seemed to be in the thick of the plot latterly have vanished since the eventful night. If our rustic police were a little sharper that ought to set them thinking; but they have only room for one idea in their heads at once—and that idea was guilty is Cedric."

"And the disguise?"

"May have been part of the fraud. Some very clever head has been at work. That is part of the puzzle. It is no ordinary clumsy villainy of the rustic boor."

Patricia suddenly looked up, but said nothing. Keith's eyes met hers.

"Is there anyone, Patricia, in this neighborhood who may be could dignify by the name of a clever rogue? Anyone who would have at once the wit and the hardihood to carry out a diabolical crime with diabolical cunning?"

Such a startled look as of horror and repulsion had crossed Patricia's face, that Keith, looking down at her, was astonished.

"What is it?" he asked, quickly. "Speak, Patricia! What has come into your head?"

Her lips were pale, her eyes dilated; it seemed as if a word trembled on her tongue that she was afraid to utter. He bent his head, and just caught the whispered name:

"Mr. Vansittart!"

"Ah!" and Keith suddenly drew himself up again to his full height. "That is Miss St. Cyr's guardian—the man about whom such ugly stories used to be circulated? Patricia, what do you mean? What makes you look like that?"

"I do not know. I am nervous—foolish—and I always did distrust and fear that man."

"But the motive! Why Cedric is in love with Miss St. Cyr, and a capital match to boot; and she, if looks say anything, half in love herself."

"Ah, yes, Keith, can you not see? It is just that. Cedric and she are in love—and I believe Mr. Vansittart wants her for himself. Cedric is the obstacle in his way."

Keith stood very still, looking down at the carpet at his feet. Presently he drew a long breath.

"Then it is as I thought. Foul play, indeed! And a clever villain at the bottom. But I will unmask him yet—I swear it!"

CHAPTER XXI.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Corona was wakened in the dead of the night by a strange sound. In that silent house, that even the rats seemed to shun, any kind of noise was startling, and on this particular night there was something strangely weird in the muffled and extraordinary sounds that aroused the girl from slumber.

All that day she had been oppressed as by the weight of impending ill, a strange haunting fear hung over her. She had a presentiment as of coming woe. In vain she had tried to shake it off, every hour it had deepened, it seemed fairly to crush her down, and as evening had drawn on, with fog and cheerless darkness, she had felt as if she could endure her terrors no longer.

But in this gloomy house there was no escape. Less and less liberty was accorded to the sisters. There was always some reasonable excuse—the weather or Corona's health, or the lameness of one of the horses, and the impossibility of replacing it quickly—it was all one what was said, the fact remained that the girls were hardly allowed to stir out from morning to night, and never permitted to go farther than the same walks where a watch could be kept on their movements. It was considered much more prudent to keep within the shelter of the grounds and walls, where the servants could buffet them, and where they were always within easy reach of home. Since one luckless Sunday morning, when Corona had turned faint in church, they were deterred even from that exercise, and it was now more than a fortnight since the girls had seen Cedric, or had a line of any kind from him.

Small wonder was it then that Corona grew sad, and white, and frail, or that she easily fell a prey to fearful and anxious thought. Such was the effort she made on account of Maidie she would have been more depressed than she was.

But this sudden awakening after her day of nervous terrors seemed to fill her with fear. She sat up in bed and gazed about her with wide, terrified eyes. A dim light burned in the room, Maidie and the nurse had gone locked out of childhood in a bed in the opposite corner. She was not disturbed in her slumbers, partly because they were deep and healthy, partly because the strange noise had ceased, and Corona had peared to be directly behind the panelling at Corona's bed head.

The girl's heart beat so wildly that for a few moments she could hardly listen for the clangor in her ears; but as she became convinced that the noise was not absolutely in the room, and that the door was securely locked and bolted, she stilled the wild tumult of her first terror, and strained her ears to listen, and to try and discover what it was that was passing in the house.

By the sound alone she would have said that there was something being dragged up a staircase by bearers hardly strong enough for their task, but then there was no staircase in that part of the house, and even if there had been anybody were due at such a hour.

The noise came nearer; it was all so strange and so real that Corona almost lost her fear in her intense curiosity. With her ear pressed to a crevice in the panelling, she held her breath to listen. Could it be possible that some dark secret was about to be revealed to her? Had she not always felt that there was some hidden mystery shrouded in this strange old house?

Was that a human voice speaking in a sort of panting whisper? Could it be that other sound? It was like a groan of pain.

Beads of moisture stood on Corona's brow; but she stood rooted to the spot, divided between excess of terror and a resolute resolve to get to the bottom of this mystery.

Just on the other side of the wall (as it seemed) a halt in proceedings appeared to be made; the dragging sound ceased for a few moments, and was succeeded, she fancied, by a low murmur of voices, but the throbbing of the blood in all her pulses made it difficult for her to be certain on this point. Then after three or four minutes' cessation the sounds once more the dragging sound, together with another groan, this time more audible than before; and the sound of Corona's heart gave a wild throb, though she could not have said why; and the noises went slowly up and up and up right above her head, and were gradually lost in the empty rooms above.

Corona, who had risen from her bed to listen, now crept back, shaking in every limb. Maidie had slept through it all, as Corona might perhaps have done had her bed been differently placed, yet hardly had the strange sounds died away in silence, before the child woke with a scream of terror, and started up in bed, pointing with outstretched hand as if at some grisly phantom.

"Oh, look! look!" she gasped; "Lord Mervyn! Cedric! They have killed them! They have killed them! Oh, don't! don't! don't!"

Corona's arms were about her instantly, Maidie clung to her in a perfect agony of terror, with words on her lips of blood and murder that made the elder sister's blood run cold.

It was long before Maidie could be roused to understand that it was only a dreadful dream. She sat up in bed pushing the hair out of her eyes and trembling still as she looked round her, as if terrified yet at what she might see.

"Oh, Corona! Corona! was it a dream? Oh, I thought I saw it all!"

"What, dearest?"

Maidie shivered, and held Corona's arm yet closer round her as she cowered down.

"Oh, I don't know. I can't remember. It was so dreadful! Lord Mervyn and Cedric, they were murdering them. Uncle Andrew was there. Oh, Corona, say it isn't true! Say it's all a dream!"

"Of course it is a dream, darling—a hurried nightmare. Do not tremble so, my sweet. You are awake now; you see where you are; I am with you. There is nothing to make you afraid."

"It seems as if it had really happened. I saw it, Corona—I know I did!"

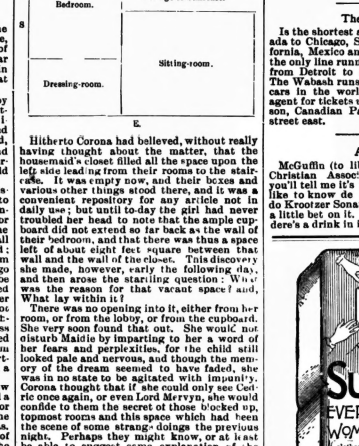
"Come and lie in my bed, dearest, and go to sleep and forget all about it. A bad dream always seems real till morning comes."

"Oh, the blood!" said the child, shivering, as she put one little bare foot out of bed. "Corona, you are sure it is not running over the floor?" The child's eyes were full of horror.

Corona, alarmed at the look upon her face, lifted her bodily in her arms and carried her across to her own larger bed, where, lying down beside her and holding her closely in her arms, she soothed her at last to sleep, although her own eyes were not closed throughout that long, strange night.

Maidie only slept restlessly; and often woke with a start or a cry, as if some darkness or horror yet rested upon her; but no other sound broke the silence of that room. Once Corona started with a beating heart, fancying for a moment that a woman's dress or garment had just swept along the other side of the wall; but the sound was so faint and so transient, that it had passed before she could be certain it had ever existed; and she was left with her own thoughts for companions.

As she lay in bed, with Maidie clasped in her arms, waiting for the tardy winter dawn, she was trying to make out the construction of the house and to settle in her own mind exactly what was on the other side of that wall. As has before been said, she was an fair



Hitherto Corona had believed, without really having thought about the matter, that the housemaid's closet filled all the space upon the left side leading from their rooms to the staircase. It was empty now, and she knew from various other things stood there, and it was a convenient repository for any article not in daily use; but until now the girl had never troubled her head to note that the ample cupboard did not extend so far back as the wall of their bedroom, and that there was thus a space left of about eight feet square between that wall and the wall of the closet. This discovery she made, however, early the following day, and then suddenly the strange question: What was the reason for that vacant space? and, What lay within it?

There was no opening into it, either from her room, or from the lobby, or from the cupboard. She very soon found that out. She would not disturb Maidie by imparting to her a word of her fears and perplexities, for the child still looked pale and nervous, and though the memory of the dream seemed to have faded, she was in no fit state for anything of this kind. Corona thought that if she could only see Cedric once again, or even Lord Mervyn, she would confide to them the secret of those blocked up, topmost rooms and this space which had been the scene of some strange doings the previous night. Perhaps they might know, or at least be able to suggest some explanation of the mystery—at least, it would be a relief to feel that somebody knew it. She had seen Cedric once hastily since the discovery of the walled up door, but he always had had so much to say that she had never recollected to tell him of it. But she would do so now—for she guessed there was a connection of some kind between those rooms and the sounds that had disturbed her the previous night, and she felt she should know no real peace of mind in that house until the mystery were solved.

Both sisters looked pale and wan at the breakfast table that day, though no comment was passed upon it, and the meal progressed almost in silence.

At luncheon time, however, things were different. Mr. Vansittart was late, with a look upon his face that bespoke some excitement, and more interest than he habitually showed in anything.

"My dear Pauline, have you heard the news?"

"News? How should I? What news ever comes here! I don't wish to be bothered about other people's affairs."

"But really this is a very shocking thing. The whole neighborhood is in a tremor. For my part, I am not surprised, though affairs have certainly taken a more ghastly turn than I expected."

"What is it, Mr. Vansittart?" asked Maidie, with whitening lips.

"My dear child, do not look so terrified. It is nothing that particularly concerns us, though, as we know the people, one is naturally interested. It seems that an attack was made upon Lord Mervyn last night by some ruffians of disguised person or persons, and his servant was killed, and he left for dead upon the spot."

Corona uttered an exclamation of horror. Maidie sat with her hands tightly pressed over her eyes.

"Is he dead?" asked the elder sister in a whisper.

"No; only badly wounded in the arm; but he lost so much blood before he was discovered that he is in very critical condition."

"Oh, that blood!" said Maidie, shuddering, her hands still pressed over her eyes. Then, looking up, she asked, in an awe-struck whisper:

"And Cedric?"

Mr. Vansittart started, and his face changed slightly. Corona gave her little sister a warning glance, for they were not in the way of speaking thus familiarly of Cedric in his presence.

"Cedric?—Cedric Musgrave? Why do you bring in his name, my dear child?"

"Wasn't he there?"

Maidie still spoke in a sort of whisper, with eyes wide as if from terror. Her guardian looked at her suspiciously; so did Miss Vansittart.

"Why do you think that, my love? What have you heard about it?"

"Nothing."

"Maidie had a bad dream last night," explained Corona. "She cannot remember it, but it was about Lord Mervyn and Mr. Cedric Musgrave and a murder. Maidie sometimes does dream of things that have happened before she knows of them. This is why she asks. We have not heard a word."

Mr. Vansittart's eyes regarded the sisters narrowly, but he seemed totally reassured by the scrutiny.

"I hope that Mr. Cedric Musgrave will be able to show that he was elsewhere at the time of the murder. I have no doubt that he will find no difficulty in clearing himself when he thinks fit to appear."

Corona turned very pale.

"Clearing himself?"

"Yes; for at present some little suspicion hangs on him in connection with the crime."

"Oh!"

Corona caught herself up before she had uttered more than the single interjection, but her face was less under control; she changed color rapidly, and pressed her hands closely together.

"It is doubtless a mere error—I have not been able to ascertain the grounds for the rumor; but people are talking of it all over, and search is being made everywhere."

"Search!—for what?"

"For Mr. Cedric Musgrave. He seems to have disappeared since last night."

Every drop of blood ebbed from Corona's face, while Maidie uttered a low cry.

"They have killed him, too. They have killed him, too! I saw it! I said so—Oh, Corona, I knew they had killed him!"

Mr. Vansittart rose from his seat, and laid a hand firmly upon Maidie's shoulder. His eyes had narrowed in a way his sister had only seen from time to time in her life before, and which always boded mischief.

"Child!" he said, in very clear, even tones, "you must control yourself. I cannot have such wild nonsense and folly talked at my table. You are beside yourself. What do you mean by giving out such a story?"

She looked up at him too dazed with the terror of her own thoughts to have any fear of him.

"If he is not dead, why can they not find him?"

"If report says true, because he has an excellent reason for flying, and leaving no trace behind. It is not an uncommon thing for some one to be missing after a murder. If he is innocent he will come forward and clear himself. If he does not—well, he must take the consequences."

The girls rose simultaneously from the table. They could touch no more food that day. And the presence of the Vansittarts was hateful to them. Suspicious glances were bent upon them as they passed together from the room; but they neither knew nor cared. They had other cares and fears.

"Corona!" whispered Maidie in a whisper expressive of the most freezing horror, "it is Mr. Vansittart who has killed Cedric and hidden his body away! I know it! I feel it in myself; but it will never, never be found out—and all the world will call Cedric a murderer!"

(To be Continued.)

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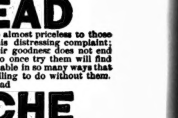

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"IT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING TO ME."

"Have you had your supper, Violet," Mrs. Mencke asked, as her sister sat down by the fire to look somewhat pale and weary.

"No; but I am not hungry, Belle, and I think that I will go at once to Mr. Lawrence's. I know that he must have been terribly anxious about me all these weeks and I want to relieve him as soon as possible from suspense.

A peculiar gleam shot into Mrs Mencke's eyes at this.

"No, indeed, Violet, you must not go tonight; you are not in a very reputable portion of the city and you could not go a block by your-self without being insulted. You must stay with me to-night—you are perfectly safe here—and take daylight to return to your Fifth avenue prince."

Violet did not exactly like the tone her sister adopted, for there was the suspicion of a sneer in those last words. But she saw that she was right—she knew there would be danger in going out alone and she might

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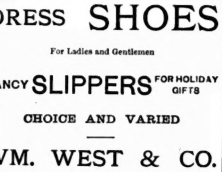

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DRAPER—At Toronto, on December 22, Mrs. W. H. Draper—a son.
DUNSET—At Pakenham, on December 17, Mrs. B. W. Dunset—a daughter.
GORDON—At Toronto, on December 21, Mrs Gilbert Gordon—a daughter.
JARVIS—At Deloraine, Manitoba, on December 12, Mrs. Miles O'Reilly Jarvis—a son.
SUANS—At Toronto, on December 21, Mrs. Douglas A. Burns—a son.
NELSON—At Toronto, on December 21, Mrs. W. S. Nelson—a son.
RICE—At Toronto, on December 19, Mrs. R. B. Rice—a son.
PARKER—At Toronto, on December 20, Mrs. Robert Parker—a son, stillborn.
ARTHUR—At Algoma Mills, on December 18, Mrs R. H. Arthur—a son.
COCKBURN—At Paris, on December 20, Mrs. E. Cockburn—a daughter.

Marriages.

LOOS—PERRY—At Middletown, N. Y., on December 22, Richard Franz Loos of Ludwigshafen, Germany, to Maggie Perry of Whitby, Ontario.
ALLEN—NIXON—At Toronto, on December 18, William Currie Allen to Minnie Nixon.
MERRITT—TAKNER—At Norwich, on December 17, William Hamilton Merritt of Brandon, Manitoba, to A. Maude Haken.
BURNSH—CRANSTON—At Arnprior, on December 19, Armour Bruce Burnsh to Harriet Elizabeth Cranston.
McPADDEN—McBRIEN—At Toronto, on December 11, Capt. McPadden to Minnie McBrien.

Deaths.

ADDISON—At Toronto, on December 22, George Henry Addison, aged 11 years.
GORDON—At Toronto, on December 21, infant daughter of Dr. Gilbert and Minnie Gordon.
HALL—At Concord Ont., on December 21, Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, aged 68 years.
BARR—At Norwich, on December 21, Eliza Barr, aged 37 years.
CAMPBELL—On December 22, Mary Jane Campbell.
McCOMBE—At Toronto, on December 19, Thomas McCombe, aged 80 years.
MULHOLLAND—At West York, on December 20, Thomas Mulholland, aged 76 years.
CRUX—At Cleveland, Ohio, on December 18, Mrs. W. R. Crux.
NOBLE—At Toronto, on December 20, Pamela Bolton Noble.
FER S—At Toronto, John Ferris, aged 44 years.
TURNER—At Toronto, on December 18, Alfred Turner, aged 21 years.
RITCHIE—At Toronto, on December 22, Mary Ritchie, aged 30 years.
MALLOCH—At Hamilton, on December 23, Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart Malloch, aged 83 years.
TURNER—At Toronto, on December 23, J. B. Turner, aged 70 years.

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In Heavy All-Wool Winter

DRESS GOODS

During Christmas Holidays

Tweeds for Suitings, double width, newest mixtures—50 pieces—clearing at 17c., 18c., 20c., 25c. and 30c. per yard.

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The proprietors, having completed arrangements for extensive alterations to their premises, find themselves forced to unload about

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Ten thousand dollars' worth of Dress Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Velvets, Plushes, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' Underclothing, Corsets, etc., before January 1.

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BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF ONTARIO, Limited

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 27, 1890

Capital, $1,000,000 Subscribed, $500,000

General Offices: 27 and 29 Wellington Street East, Toronto

President, W. Stone; Vice-Presidents, James Swift, Kingston; T. K. Holmes, M.D., Chatham; Cashier, Harry Vigeon; Solicitors, McPherson, Clark & Jarvis

The Company issue Bonds guaranteed to the face value. These Bonds are for amounts from $100, and can be bought for any number of years from five upwards.

These Bonds are payable by instalments, and the investor obtains guaranteed compound interest, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, and are especially protected by a sinking fund invested in first-class real estate mortgages.

This Company is empowered by the charter to act as Administrator, Receivers, Trustees, Assignees, Liquidators and Agent under appointment by the Courts or individuals. Having special facilities for the winding up of estates, the Assignee branch of its business is solicited.

Being a responsible financial company, creditors can depend on prompt settlements and quick winding up of any estates they may entrust to the Company.

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Assignees, Administrators and Financial Agents

27 and 29 Wellington Street East - - - Toronto

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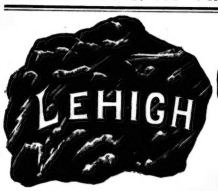

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